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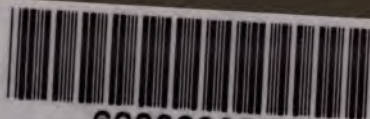
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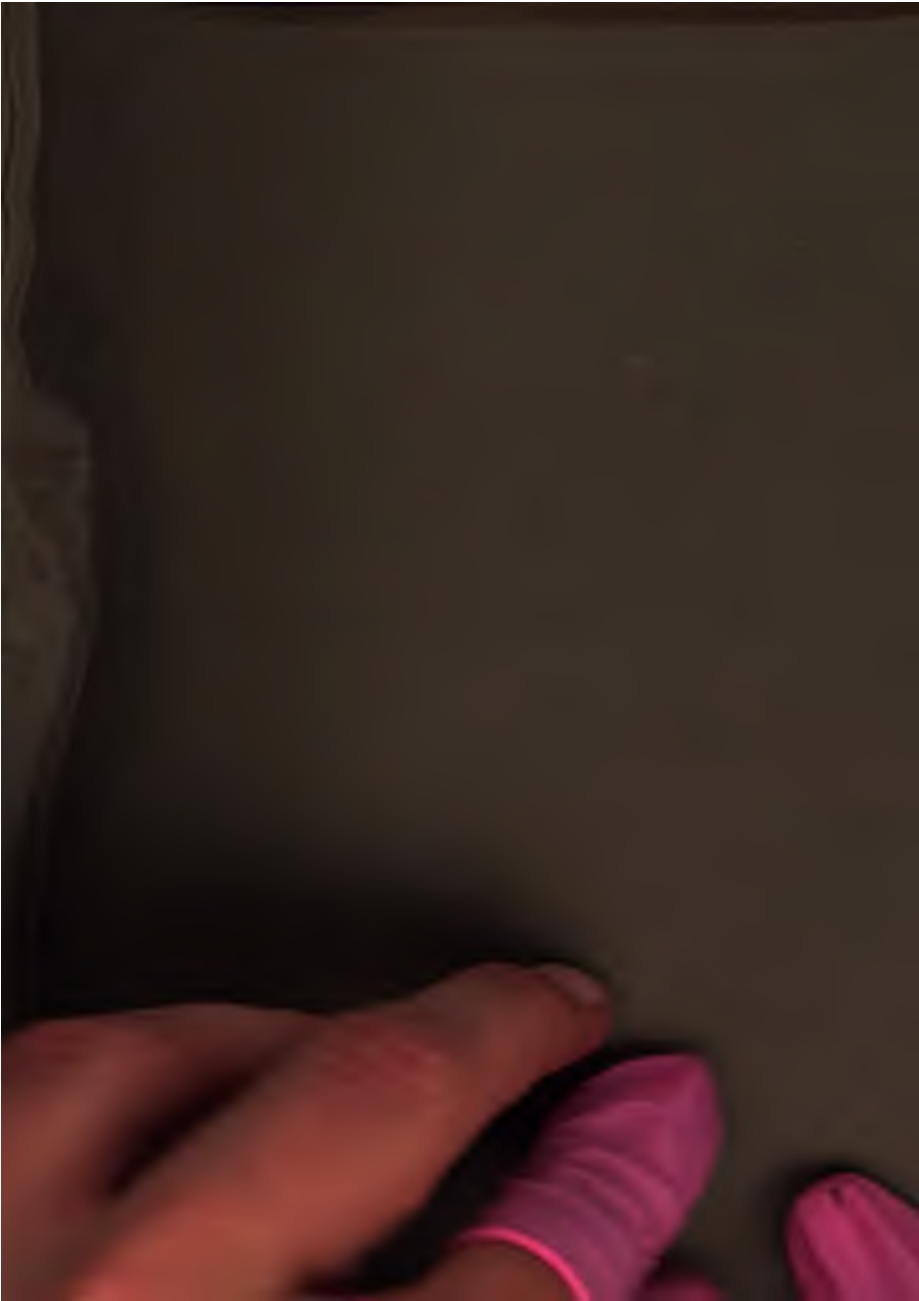
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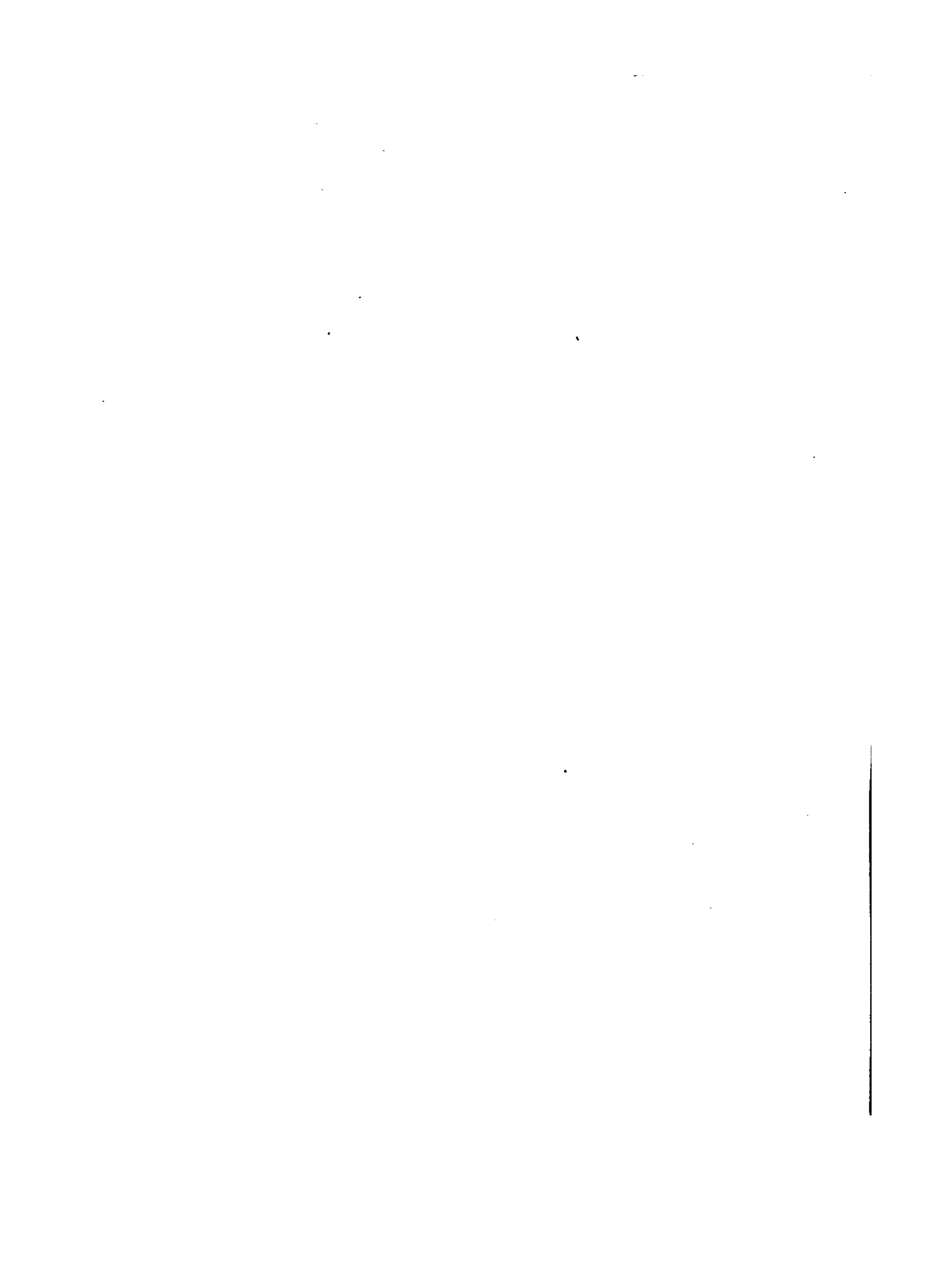
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**INSTINCT; OR REASON?**









The young Midshipman's return.

# INSTINCT; OR REASON?

SECOND SERIES.

DEDICATED TO  
THE HON. JOHN SCOTT NAPIER,  
BY HIS GRANDMOTHER,  
THE LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "FIRST SERIES OF INSTINCT OR REASON," AND "CYRUS."

"Oh Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."  
PSALM 104, ver. 24.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. H. H.



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1862.

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# *Instinct ; or Reason ?*

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## CHAPTER I.

*Johnnie.* You have written a nice book for Markie, dear grandmamma ; do now, dear, dear grandmamma, write one for me, and tell us all a number of other stories.

*All the Boys at once.* Yes, grandmamma ; this is a famous day for story-telling and listening. Oh, grandmamma, do you happen to know any stories about ants ? As we were calling at Mrs. Belfield's, we saw a book lying on a table, with an ant printed on the cover. What did that mean ?

*Gran.* I suppose the picture on the outside meant to indicate that industry was one of the subjects within. Napoleon the First had an N. marked at two corners of his pocket-handkerchiefs,

and a Bee at the other two corners, which was intended as an emblem of his desire to be industrious, and to teach others to be so ; and certainly he never was idle for a moment.

*Johnnie.* Did you ever see one of his pocket-handkerchiefs ?

*Gran.* Yes, and I even possessed one for many years ; but at last it was lost, which I regret, as it would have been a greater and more interesting relic now than ever it was.

Well, you have learnt enough to know that the instinct of ants is most wonderful. In hot climates they attain to a large size, and are extraordinarily prolific. In the West Indies they commit dreadful havoc, and rewards are offered for their extirpation.

An Engineer officer at Trinidad attempted to get rid of them by mining and blasting the soil ; but though he blew the ants up in the air, they appeared to have sustained but little injury, and were soon as destructive as ever. In some parts of the West Indies they make use of the red ant to destroy the black, which are so destructive to the fruit.

On placing a few red ants at the bottom of a

tree, they may soon be observed climbing the trunk, and attacking every black ant they meet. In a few moments the black ant is bitten in two, and the red seeks other enemies.

Some West Indians allege that the red ants compel the black to work for them as slaves. So destructive are these insects, that trees are frequently denuded of every leaf in a single night.

I had a most beautiful tall tree in my garden at Sa Maison, called the Nilotica. It was the pride of the garden, and grew in an umbrella shape ; the leaves were like those of the acacia, and the flower like that of the caper plant, only somewhat larger, and very abundant. This tree grew very near the windows of my little corridor, and your father and I used to admire it constantly. Suddenly, it began to fade and perish, and at last your papa advised me to cut it down, as it was evidently dead, and only cumbered the ground. With great reluctance and sorrow I gave the order, and your father saw it executed, and desiring me to come to the spot, showed me the once beautiful but now prostrate tree, which we then perceived was perfectly devoured by ants, the inside of

the stem being alive with those animals. I walked away with feelings of positive disgust and anger, and ordered the whole to be instantly consigned to the flames. These same ants used to attack my maid's head for the sake of the oil or pomatum she used, and she had no rest at night till I gave her little tin saucers to put the feet of her iron bedstead in, which invention kept them from crawling over her any more when she was in bed. My brother General Gore tells me that in the West Indies it is dangerous to sit down upon English-made chairs, for the wood of which they are constructed, being deal or some other soft wood, easily becomes a prey to the ants, and they lose no time in excavating them ; so that, if you incautiously sit down, you may fall to the ground, as the chair instantly crumbles under your weight. There is an ant called the Parasol Ant ; it is always observed holding a small leaf over its back, and the natives of the West Indies believe it does this for the purpose of obtaining shade, and frequently a row of leaves is seen moving across a road, and on examination it is found that each leaf is carried by an ant, who is taking it to the general store.

Their skill in the removal of large objects is wonderful. If an ant find a lump of sugar, it starts off in a zigzag direction, till it finds another, then signals to it, like a sentinel on guard, and the first ant proceeds on its journey till it meets another. They then put their heads together for a few seconds, and one of them proceeds in quest of another ant. Each of the ants, on receiving the communication from the first one, immediately runs in a straight line to the lump of sugar, and not in the track of the first ant. Beetles may frequently be noticed rolling a great ball of horse-dung, many times larger than their own bulk, along the road ; and when the poor beetle dies, its body is removed by ants in an equally intelligent manner. The beetle is placed on its back, and the ants then divide themselves in gangs, some pushing on one side and some on the other, and others pulling at the antennæ, till they cause the prize, by a series of spiral curves, to move gradually in the direction of their store.

*Johnnie.* Grandmamma, can you remember nothing about parrots or elephants ? I am never tired of hearing about those sagacious animals ; try



and think. I remember some of the stories you told us in your first book, and I know you said stories about parrots were endless.

*Gran.* Let me reflect a moment.—Oh, yes ! There once lived a dean in the west of England, who was very energetic in his support of temperance associations. This dean had a young parrot given to him, and while visiting at the palace of his diocesan, he saw a parrot of the most intelligent description in the house, and remarked, that he wished his own parrot would learn to talk. The bishop's daughters proposed that the dean's parrot should come and pay theirs a visit, and they were quite sure he would soon learn. The parrot accordingly was sent to the young ladies, and, after a due course of teaching, was returned as quite a proficient. The dean happened to have a temperance meeting on that very day at his house, at which he presided. The parrot was announced, and the dean, being most anxious to show off his bird, ordered it to be brought in. The usual subjects had been discussed, and the dean was about to move some proposition, when the parrot suddenly exclaimed,





The Temperance Society.

“Porter and pipes ?—Yes, Mr. Dean. Take any gin or whiskey ?—Yes, Mr. Dean !”—to the great astonishment of the poor dean and scandal of the temperance association.

*Johnnie.* That must have been very laughable, grandmamma, and I should like to have been by.

*Gran.* And so should I ; but is it not wrong to entertain ourselves at the expense of our friends ?

*Johnnie.* You are quite right, grandmamma ; so now tell me another story about some parrots, if you remember any.

*Gran.* Well, here are some capital ones which a friend of Miss Julia Hutton’s gave her, and which I am sure will delight you, as the lady who sent them took them from her pet Polly’s *own mouth*. She says it is rather difficult to write down all this wonderful bird’s sayings, as it so frequently puts in its own remarks during conversation, and entirely without being taught. The parrot one day amused her much, when a gentleman, a stranger to her, called on business. It did not appear to like him, and kept on wishing him “Good morning !” but when he rose up to place a paper before her mistress to sign, it called out,

"You shan't have a bit of missus!" Another day, a friend came with his gun, and wished to go into the meadow to shoot snipes; before the lady could reply, Polly said, "Don't go and shoot *that* robin!" The same gentleman brought his little brown dog with him. Polly had never seen it before; and said, "Who are you?—not Brutus, not Fan. Poor little brown!" The lady being in the garden, she spoke to the parrot as she passed the window where it was: and it called out very loudly, "I can't hear a word you say!" Some one whistled "God save the Queen:" Polly listened very attentively, and at the conclusion exclaimed, "Charming!" a word she had never been heard to use before. When her mistress comes down to breakfast in the winter, the bird always says, "Polly likes toast; kind little mistress going to make toast for Polly." If offended at any time, she always says, "Who would kiss such a fright, such a missus!" but when pleased, she would say, "I would kiss you, my sweet, dear little missus!" Two foreign birds were sent to the lady by train, who had no idea what the package contained; but when the covering was removed, Polly

exclaimed, "Two little birds in a cage!" As it was not known they were coming, she could not have heard any previous remark made on the subject. Hesitating as to what answer she should give to a message her servant brought—Polly cried out, "You are wonderfully stupid!" When cleaning the birds' other cage, if they flutter, she always says, "Don't be frightened, don't be silly!" When she herself screams, she afterwards scolds herself very much, saying, "Oh, Polly, how *can* you be so *very* naughty? I shall cover you up if you scream so; nobody loves you when you scream, you frightful creature. Dear little Fan never screams, good little Fan, a darling pup,—no, she NEVER screams."

I will now tell you about an elephant, a much better and kinder creature than he looks. At the time of the last Euphrates expedition, elephants were made use of for carrying the stores. On one occasion some elephants were procured from the other side of the river, and not liking their work, they seized an opportunity to escape, and plunged into the river. Fearing lest they might be shot, they swam under water, keeping only the extremity

of their trunks above the surface. They were pursued, however, and ultimately taken. A young elephant was once carrying a pail to a tank to get water, when an older elephant took it away from him. On reaching the tank, the young elephant waited till his opponent was making use of the pail, when he applied his shoulders dexterously, and sent his formidable rival floundering into the tank; then, as if by mutual compromise, he went in quest of great logs of timber, which he pushed into the water, and thus enabled the older elephant to get out, and they went away good friends.

*Johnnie.* It was very good of the old elephant so easily to forgive the pranks of the young one, even considering there was some provocation for the retaliation he used.

*Gran.* True; but elephants are by nature good-tempered,—most fortunately, considering their enormous size and strength, and how easily they could annihilate any enemy. Shall I now tell you something about a lion?—that ferocious animal which, one day, we are told in Scripture, will quietly eat straw with the ox. Captain Lynch,

the commodore of the Euphrates expedition, at the siege of Rangoon, used to keep a tame lion, which played with him as a dog might have done. On one occasion, Captain Lynch had to leave his lion in charge of a friend, who imprudently allowed it to have animal food, after which the lion's temper was completely changed, growing wild and ferocious, and Captain Lynch was obliged to part with it immediately on his return : fortunately, however, it had not done the harm which a lion belonging to a friend of mine did, who, looking out of his cot one morning, on board his ship, saw his lion playing with a round black ball, and found, upon examination, that the lion had killed his black servant, and was playing with the head.

*Johnnie.* After that little specimen of the lion's conduct, I suppose your friend the captain sent his lion away also ?

*Gran.* Yes ! he gave him away to the sultan, who had a menagerie at Constantinople in those days ; and I dare say did not care if the lion did eat up a few of those poor black slaves that I have seen in cages in the slave-market, waiting to be



bought. I must say they were laughing and playing, and looking as gay as possible. Probably your papa took you to that slave-market when you were all at Constantinople together. It is now, happily, abolished ; no slaves, whether white or black, are allowed to be sold publicly.

*Gran.* Having finished my stories about lions and elephants, and told you something of the slaves, I will return to dogs again, and tell you something which occurred to a lady and gentleman who had a great liking for animals in general, and dogs in particular. They had in their possession at the same time a fine Norwegian blood-hound, a Scotch terrier, and a King Charles' spaniel.

The blood-hound, the hero of my tale, rejoicing in the poetic name of Oberon, was of a greyish dun colour, and altogether a very handsome animal. When Oberon first became the property of this lady and gentleman, they were living in London, and his home consequently was the stable, as it was also that of the spaniel, the terrier alone living in the house.

Oberon seemed quite contented with his quarters at that time, and often when the coachman

came for orders the dog would accompany him, to pay a visit to his master. After a time the family moved to a hired country-house, twenty miles from London, and there Oberon was allowed to live entirely in the house, and also both the smaller dogs, all three sleeping in their master and mistress's room at night.

Oberon, on cold nights, monopolized the hearth-rugs to roll himself in, leaving the smaller dogs to fare as they could. In the daytime Oberon was a great deal with the children and the governess, and being very good tempered and playful, the children did not fear pulling him about, or doing anything they liked with him.

On the return of the family to London in the spring, Oberon was sent to his old quarters in the stables ; but the spaniel had become so attached to the inmates of the school-room that he was permitted to remain in the house. Oberon appeared satisfied with his fate, being the same to which he had before been accustomed in London ; the case, however, was very different the following winter, when the family moved to their seat in Ireland : there the poor dog expected to be treated

as he had been the previous year, and showed very distinctly his expectations of being allowed to live in the house.

Such, however, was not to be the case.

The house had just been newly fitted up, and the master did not think a large dog would improve the new carpets or furniture by running in and out, and sleeping upon the rug. Poor Oberon was indignant at what he considered an injury ; more especially when he found the *spaniel* admitted as before, and domesticated with the children : accordingly he tried to wreak his vengeance on the poor spaniel, seizing him by the neck one day at the close of a walk they had been taking with the children and the governess, and endeavouring to bite and hurt him, and drive him away.

The little girl rescued the spaniel, and drove Oberon into the stable-yard, and at the same time scolded him, upon which Oberon growled ominously. From that moment war was declared ; and so irate had Oberon become with the children, that strict orders were given that he should always be shut up when they went out walking ;

and if by chance he saw any of them, through the stable window, or elsewhere, he would dash towards them.

Thus several months passed, and now comes the tragic end of my story.

After the return of the family to London—I cannot state the exact lapse of time—the poor blood-hound fell ill. The coachman, not understanding his malady, took him in a cab to a dog-doctor of much repute, living in the neighbourhood of Middlesex Hospital, who at once pronounced the dog to be mad, adding what a risk the coachman had made his little boy run by bringing him in the cab with the mad dog. Poor Oberon lingered some little time, and the doctor watched his case with great interest,—it was so very unlike any he had ever known before.

There was no violence, no sign of hydrophobia, but a pining away; and so singular was the case considered, that some surgeons from the Middlesex Hospital attended the opening of the body, and the case was pronounced one of *melancholy* madness — unheard of in the annals of

dogs. So that this poor Oberon had pondered upon his jealousy till it produced madness and death.

*Johnnie.* Oh, grandmamma ! I can scarcely refrain from crying over poor, poor Oberon : his love deserved a better fate.

*Gran.* You are right, dear Johnnie. It made a great impression on his master, and he raised a tomb to Oberon, with an epitaph to record so great and strange an affection in a blood-hound.

The epitaph runs as follows ;—

#### *The Epitaph.*

Farewell, true heart, tho' little known  
Till Death had mark'd thee for its own.  
Farewell ! and may Death's tranquil sleep  
Lull thee in slumbers calm as deep.  
No jealous pang thy spirit grieves,  
Nor Friendship's fickle smile deceives ;  
But Memory in our hearts shall raise  
Sweet thoughts, thy faithful love to praise.

G. M. S.

And now, to send you away with gayer thoughts, I will tell you a short anecdote of a Newfoundland, who, seeing his master ready packed, and just

preparing to start on a journey, ran back into his master's room, looked all round it as carefully as a servant might have done, spied a brush, which he evidently thought had been forgotten, seized it between his teeth, rushed down stairs, and, jumping into the carriage, presented the brush to his master.

*Johnnie.* The jolly dog ! What an invaluable travelling companion for some forgetful people, who are ever leaving their great-coats, umbrellas, and even hats behind them in railway carriages. We will not name any of these !

*Gran.* Now, one more story, and I have done for to-day. A certain peacock, who with various companions lived in the farmyard belonging to a castle, used to parade upon the terrace surrounding it. One evening he chanced to take his walk at the time of the children's tea, and they hearing him under the windows, threw him some bread : after which, regularly at the same hour, every day, this discordant-voiced, but beautiful bird, would make himself heard under the school-room window, announcing that he was there, expecting his share of the children's loaf of bread.

*Johnnie.* Pretty creature, I should have liked to feed him myself, and I remember your telling me of a pet peacock you had at "Sa Maison," which used to stop you in the middle of the walk, and spread out his magnificent tail for you to admire, and then, stretching out his neck, poke his head into the pocket of your garden apron, to look for the bread which you carried there to feed him and your fan-tailed pigeons with ; what became of him ?

*Gran.* They said he pined and died whilst I was from home, at Naples ; but I greatly fear his death was of a far less sentimental character, and that he fell a victim to some pigeon-shooters, or the greediness of my Maltese servants. Can you recollect "Sa Maison," where Willy was born, and your papa and I erected a fountain, with dolphins spouting out water, and refreshing the pretty gold and silver fish which swam under in playful delight, and then, darting at my hand, from which they snatched the bread I held for them, and nibbling a bit off, shot away for fear of being caught, and took shelter under a water-lily, which was beside the papyrus's stately stalks, or under the many beautiful water-plants, blue, yellow, &c., that in

England would require hothouses to flourish in? And do you remember how you loved to roll one orange after another as your Maltese nurse picked them from the trees, placed them in your tiny hands, whilst sitting under a graceful pepper-tree, or the pergola, impenetrable to the sun, from the thick foliage of the splendid vine, the stem of which was growing against the wall of the verandah; and how many English travellers came to ask permission to measure, and compare it with that at the royal palace at Hampton Court? Many also were the lovely flowering shrubs, with their rich hues succeeding each other every month, some flowering twice a year, and never leaving the garden unembellished with their gay colours. There were double pomegranates, bending under the weight of their numerous scarlet blossoms and bright green leaves; the tall straight branches of the hybiscus, and its white flowers growing like white garlands of small roses, quite thick and full; and the lilac by its side, of the same species, and the single of both colours—resembling a small hollyhock in shape; the bignonia, in large, rich, yellow clusters; and the datura hanging its graceful



white bells, giving out a gentle fragrance towards night. Time and memory fail me to describe all the rare and beautiful plants that shed their fragrance, and gladdened the eyes of all who beheld them. The wax-plant, or *Hoya carnos*a, wound itself round the pillars ; and the snail-plant also, and the night-blowing cereus, sending a delicious scent into the drawing-room, from its position on the well-covered walls, which bore every kind of creeper, from the large white jasmine, and geraniums, grapes, &c. &c. I could go on for ever on the beauties of that favoured little spot ; but, dear Johnnie, your brother Mark can have but an imperfect remembrance of it, though he returned there when he was grown to comparatively a big boy : his first acquaintance with it was when he was only three months old, and there he remained till he was a year old, nursed by a native woman, who spoke scarcely anything but Arabic, —that soft language of the children of the East, the translation from which language of the “Arabian Nights,” by Mr. Lane, delights every young and poetic mind.

Go now, I see Basil waiting to harness you as a

little pony, and it will give you wholesome diversion after my long stories and descriptions.

*Johnnie.* But, grandmamma, you told me you would give me something to learn, to say to you on Sunday morning: can you give it to me now?

*Gran.* Yes, dear! here it is, and I will read it out to you first; it is a paraphrase on verse 10, &c. of *Obadiah*:—

O Teman! shame shall cover thee,  
And Esau be cut off for ever,  
That, in thy brother Jacob's day,  
When strangers carried him away,  
Thou cam'st not to deliver;  
But stood'st, and with unpitying eye  
Beheld his captured hosts go by:  
Thy heart possess'd, 'mid Salem's woe,  
By spirit worthy of Chaldean foe.

Thou shouldst not with pleased look  
Have gazed on Judah's trial hour,  
Rejoicing when, 'neath heathen might,  
His wearied children sank in fight,  
And own'd their fierce oppressor's power:  
Neither should haughty, scornful word  
Have that day from thy lip been heard,  
When the dark bitter trouble sent  
Invited speech of brotherly lament.

*Instinct ; or Reason ?*

Nor shouldst thou, with heartless greed,  
Have made thy gain of Israel's spoil ;  
Nor, when for life a few had sped,  
Have met them in the way they fled,  
Entangling them with crafty toil,  
Leaving no stay, no refuge-place  
To the remnant of thy brother's race ;  
But giving up to heathen will  
The feeble number that remained still.

Tremble, O Edom ! for as thou  
Hast done, it shall be done to thee ;  
But, when on all the Gentile land  
Jehovah shall lay forth His hand,  
And His great day exalted be,  
Jerusalem shall be again  
A dwelling-place of gladden'd men ;  
And holiness and safety fill  
The crown'd heights of Zion's sacred hill.

J. W. H.

## CHAPTER II.

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*Johnnie.* You have told me so many nice stories about other animals, that I wish you could recollect some anecdotes about horses; for I was reading this morning, in the history of Job, the description given of a horse in the 39th chapter.

*Gran.* When I was living in the East I heard many anecdotes of the Arabian horse. To the Arabs their horses become as dear as their own children. The constant intercourse arising from living in the same tent with their owner and his family creates a familiarity which otherwise could not be effected, and a gentleness which arises only from the kindest treatment.

Their horses form the principal riches of many of the Arab tribes, who use them both in the chase and in their plundering expeditions. In the

daytime they are generally kept saddled at the door of the tent, prepared for any excursion their master may take. They never carry any loads, nor are they employed on long journeys. The history of the beautiful Arab horse belonging to "Aboo El Marsch," will, I am sure, delight you.

An Arab and his tribe attacked a caravan coming across the Desert from Damascus. The victory was complete, and the Arabs were already occupied in taking possession of their rich booty, when some soldiers of the Pasha of Acre came up, and falling suddenly on the victorious Arabs, killed several and took the rest prisoners, and, securing them with cords, led them thus bound towards Acre. "Aboo El Marsch" (the name of the Arab chief) had received a ball in his arm, but as the wound was not mortal, the soldiers bound him on a camel, and having seized his horse, led them both in the cavalcade.

The night preceding the day on which they were to arrive at Acre, the legs of the wounded chief were bound together with a thong of leather, and he was left lying on the outside of the tent.

Being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he thought he heard the neighing of his horse amongst the others, which were secured at a little distance from the spot where he lay: in order to hear the sound better, he put his ear to the ground, and listened attentively for some moments: at last he felt sure he had recognized the voice of his faithful companion; and not being able to resist the desire of once more speaking to him, he dragged himself painfully along, and at length, with the greatest effort, found himself once more by his side. "Friend," said the poor chief, "what wilt thou do amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be imprisoned in their stables with the horses of the Pasha. The women and the children will no longer bring thee milk from the camel, or barley in the hollow of their hands. No more wilt thou bound through the Desert like the winds of Egypt; thou wilt no more cleave the waters of Jordan, refreshing thy coat, white as the foam. Nevertheless, though I remain a slave, thou shalt be free: go back to the tent which thou knowest. Tell my wife that Aboo El Marsch will return no more; pass thy head

between the curtains of their tent and lick the hand of my children."

While thus speaking, Aboo El Marsch had bitten asunder the cord of goats' hair with which the horse was fettered, and set the animal at liberty ; but seeing his master wounded and bound at his feet, the faithful and intelligent creature comprehended by instinct that which no language could have explained to him.

He stooped down his head, smelt his master, and grasping in his teeth the girdle of leather round his waist, he set off at full gallop, and carried his master safely to his tent, on reaching which he laid him on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, and expired with fatigue. The whole tribe wept for him, poets have sung of his grateful love, and his name is constantly in the mouths of the Arabs.

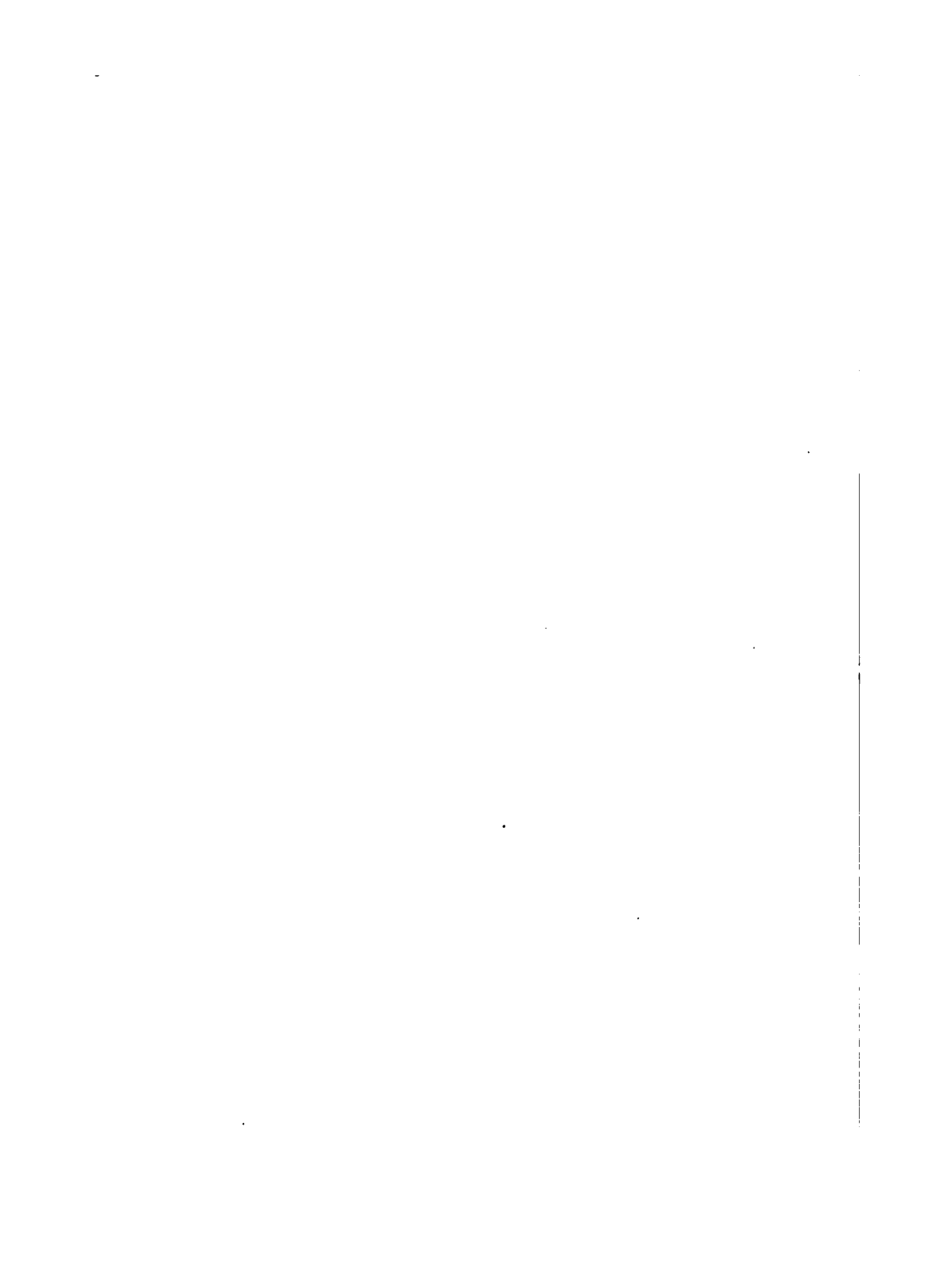
*Johannie.* I am delighted with that story, and should like you to tell me more about Arab horses.

*Gran.* Not at present about the horses themselves, but of the attachment their masters entertain towards them. The Arabs are in general poor, and, as I have said, their horses form their



The Arab horse.





principal riches ; notwithstanding this, they seldom will part with them, as the following pretty anecdote will prove to you. An Arab some years ago possessed a beautiful horse, which, as he was extremely poor, the French Consul at Saëd offered to purchase, wishing to send it to the King of the French. The Arab, pressed by want, hesitated a long time, but at length consented to sell his horse on condition of receiving a considerable sum of money, which he named. The Consul wrote to France for permission to close the bargain, and having obtained it, sent immediately to the Arab to inform him of the fact. This man, so poor that he had only a miserable rag to cover him, reached the Consul's house with his magnificent barb, dismounted, and, looking first at the gold and then steadfastly at his horse, heaved a deep sigh. "To whom is it," he exclaimed, "that I am going to yield thee up ? To Europeans ! who will tie thee alone, who will render thee miserable ! Return with me, my beauty, my jewel, and rejoice the hearts of my children !" As he pronounced the last words, he sprang on his back, and was out of sight in a moment.

Is not this an affecting and amiable proof of sensibility in a man who, in the midst of distress, could prefer all the miseries attendant on poverty, rather than surrender the animal he had brought up in his tent to what he supposed was inevitable misery ?

*Johnnie.* Has not Kilmarnock's mother a beautiful Arab which she rode all the time in the Crimea ?

*Gran.* Yes, she has ; and Mr. Grant painted his picture with Lady Erroll standing by it. It is now hung up at Slains Castle, where the Arab is also reposing after all his toils and travels. I will ask her if she has anything curious to tell me about it ; in the mean time, here is another story, but of a common English horse, belonging to Mr. Jeffcotts, of Bishop's Heighton, which was taken with another to work on the farm. There had been a severe frost the night before, and the ground was consequently extremely slippery. The horse, on being loosed from the other, immediately went to the village blacksmith's, no doubt with a view of being roughed, and this operation having been performed, the animal quietly returned home unattended.

Another story of a horse has just been sent to me for your amusement, by Mary Hall, your nice little cousin, assuring me I might answer to you for the truth of it, and of one about some dogs. Mr. Clifford has a young horse called "Billy," and this "Billy" has a stable all to himself, and can without difficulty slip the halter which attaches him to the manger. One day the groom put "Billy's" corn in a basket, and placed it on the window-seat, some feet from the ground. The little horse was found eating the corn, which was scattered on the ground. When the groom came in he scolded his little charge, and replaced the basket. The following day the little animal actually contrived to get down the basket full of corn, without shedding the corn. This same horse has found the secret of slipping back the bolt of the stable-door. The door is in two parts; the upper part is often left open for the admission of air—the lower part secured with a long sliding bolt, and the sagacious creature quickly found out the secret, and, liking liberty as well as air, discovered the means of enjoying

both, to the surprise and amusement of his groom.

*Johnnie.* It is clear ponies laugh at fastenings, and we shall have to put them on *parole* soon ! and I wish all horses were as clever, and then the poor creatures would never be burned in their stables, as I have heard tell.

*Gran.* But you forget that the grooms lock them up at night with a strong key, for fear the horses should be stolen, instead of stealing away by themselves—a very different sort of affair. Now I will finish with Mary's little story about the two Skye terriers at Rokely. They had puppies at the same time, and after a few days a double litter was discovered in the basket of one dog, and the other mother was missing till evening. On further observation it was ascertained, that regularly, on alternate days, one dog took a holiday, and brought its puppies into its neighbour's basket, and then took its accustomed rambles and pleasure ; the following day the other did the same thing, and this continued until the nursing duties ended ; and Mary adds, "This anecdote was told to me by Miss Morris

herself, who witnessed the facts." So now, dear Johnnie, I shall stop and "rest on my oars," as you sailors would say.

*Johnnie.* And you deserve rest and thanks, which I give you with all my heart, for *I* have been amused at least.

### CHAPTER III.

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*Gran.* ARE you not pleased, my dear Johnnie, to find yourself in so pretty a country place as this, in so lovely a county as Hampshire, which Miss Mitford describes in the following pretty lines?—

How lovely o'er thy valleys gay,  
Sweet Hampshire, spreads the verdure mild !  
How brightly shines the morning ray  
That quivers on thy woodlands wild !

Eden of England, thou art fair !  
Thine is each soft and lovely grace !  
A Claude might catch his beauty there,  
Or wild Salvator grandeur trace.

And here, beneath "Ytene's oaks,"  
Where darkly spreads the forest gloom

That echoes to the woodman's strokes,  
The blushing rose delights to bloom.

Fair are thy villas, fairer still  
The cots that skirt the greenwood side ;  
Where some lone shallow babbling rill  
Pours through the vale its silver tide.

And now, dear Johnnie, to return to our friend's residence: how green and velvety the lawn is. Look at those pleasant preparations for croquet; and, beyond, two pretty targets on that long, smooth, green terrace. To the right, that magnificent cedar of Lebanon, whose spreading arms afford a shelter for all the poor little birds when the wind blows strong, or the snow falls fast and thick. And see how, through its heaving branches, you gain a glimpse of the grey church tower, lit up by the rays of the setting sun, and backed by those fine old trees in the rookery below the terrace. Beyond, rise smooth green hills, that remind me of your own home in Scotland.

*Johnnie.* Oh, grandmamma! only look at those silly rooks with sticks in their beaks, and so



busy building their nests just as the winter is coming on.

*Gran.* Indeed, Johnnie, I can assure you they are very wise birds ; and you will agree with me, I think, when you have heard all I can tell you about them. They are not now, as you suppose, building their nests, but repairing them for the spring. Every year at this time they examine their houses ; and whenever they find a faulty stick, they pull it out and replace it by a good one ; then, when building-time really comes, these clever little architects again examine the twigs, and allow those only to remain which have stood the seasoning of the winter. I can tell you still greater wonders as to the instinct shown by rooks in their building arrangements. If a tree be decaying, and the upper branches in consequence are likely to prove unsafe, the old rooks, not only desert it themselves, but peremptorily forbid the young and inexperienced last year's birds, just setting up housekeeping, from constructing their nests in so perilous a position.

Last season we counted eleven nests in that large elm which overshadows the dairy ; but,

sad to say, just as the little birds were hatched there came a terrible storm, which swept away nests and nestlings. Thus warned, the parent-birds deserted the tree.

This spring the young rooks, knowing nothing of last autumn's misfortunes, fixed upon this very tree, as promising to afford a bright sunny shelter for their little ones. They had no sooner, however, commenced constructing their nests, than the experienced rooks assembled, and, to judge by their cawing, warned the youngsters of the danger they were incurring. The heedless tribe turned a deaf ear to the remonstrance of their elders, who, finding their advice disregarded, proceeded at once to destroy the work. For six days this warfare continued, the young ones building, and the old ones pulling the nests to pieces ; till at last, the rebellious rooks were tired into submission, and took flight in search of another home.

*Johnnie.* I would not have been so obstinate and disobedient. Only think how much trouble they gave themselves by not listening to the wise old rooks.

*Gran.* Yes, Johnnie! but you must also think of the trouble it gave the old ones; and it would be well if little boys and girls were always to consider how much trouble they give, not only themselves, but others, when they are naughty and perverse.

The instinct shown by rooks in their various proceedings is very wonderful.

I remember some years ago, a lady telling me that her attention was attracted by a large assemblage of rooks ranged on the lawn in a circle. In the midst stood one, with a dejected air, like a culprit on his trial, his head and wings drooping. The surrounding judges each in turn cawed slowly and solemnly, as though condemning the trembling culprit. When the last judge had cawed, full five minutes elapsed in dead silence; then all flew at once upon the wretched criminal and tore him to pieces.

*Johnnie.* Oh, grandmamma, what a sad story! Why they were executioners as well as judges. Can you not tell me a pleasanter story?

*Gran.* I have one more before we have done, which will show you that little rooks, as well as little boys, have their lessons to learn.

A pair of old rooks accompanied by four rooklings alighted on a large green lawn, and proceeded to hop over a bush which grew there, the young ones following their example ; the three elder ones were tolerably active, though of course not quite so expert as the papa and mamma. The fourth, however, a most clumsy little fellow, catching his legs in the bush, fell flop on his side. For this awkwardness he received a sound beating, and was sent back again and again, to jump over the bush till he could accomplish the feat. The whole party then proceeded with their jumping exercise, till Mr. and Mrs. Rook, thinking it was supper-time, flew back, accompanied by their progeny, to the rookery.

*Johnnie.* Well, grandmamma, I always did detest my dancing lesson ; but having heard this story of the clumsy little rook, I will endeavour in future to like it better.

*Gran.* I have now a story for you, my dear Johnnie, which is somewhat different to what we have lately been talking about ; it is a real, true story of a curious fact which happened last year, and I know it will amuse and interest you very

much. A friend of mine heard it from a lady who watched the proceeding day after day : so listen and I will tell you all that she told me.

*Johnnie.* Thank you, dear grandmamma, I will listen very attentively, and then I can remember it for Basil and Mark. Do you think it will amuse them too ?

*Gran.* I think it would very much ; but you must judge of that for yourself, my dear boy, when you have heard it.

There is a beautiful place in Kent called "Vinters," the residence of Mr. James Whatman. The old Elizabethan house stands in the midst of a fine park, and it has handsome terrace-gardens about it, which, in one part, lead down by a steep descent to a rookery, and through this rookery you enter upon a rich valley, studded with glorious old forest-trees of all kinds, interspersed with very fine hawthorns, which in spring are brilliant with blossom and redolent with perfume. A running stream flows through this valley, and a little to the left of the house it widens into a small lake. Now this piece of water is partly the scene of my story.

There are always a number of Muscovy ducks and other wild fowl at Vinters ; every year they rear from seventy to eighty of these ducks, with their beautiful white plumage, dark purple heads, and red eyes. We must look for a description of them, Johnnie, in that book of natural history which papa gave you the other day. Vinters is also famous for its peacocks. And now begins my tale.

One day last year a fine Muscovy duck, the mother of a numerous brood of young ducklings, came to an untimely end, leaving eighteen or nineteen little orphans, which seemed in imminent danger of perishing, for want of their natural nurse and protector. Now it is a well-known fact in natural history that the peacock has generally a natural enmity to young broods of every kind, whether they happen to be ducks, chickens, geese, or any other inhabitants of the poultry-yard ; and if an unfortunate little bird falls in the peacock's way, he is very apt to put a quick end to its young life, by a gentle peck at the back of the neck, and one such peck from the peacock's hard beak is quite enough, I assure you, to ac-

comply with this. This strange dislike extends even to the peacock's own species, and even his poor wife, the pea-hen, is always obliged to hide her young for some weeks after they are hatched, for fear of her husband's ill-nature.

To the surprise of every one who saw it, a day or two after the mother duck's death, a stately old peacock was observed to place himself at the head of the straggling and struggling orphans, marshal them into a regular line, and so conduct them to the edge of the lake, watching them plunge in, one by one, and disport themselves, to their heart's content, in their natural element, swimming round and round, dipping their little heads, tossing the water over their backs, then skimming gently along the surface in the true duckling fashion.

All this time the self-appointed guardian waited patiently on the bank ; he did not seem to watch them either with anxiety or fear, or any particular interest, but there he stayed and waited, and when the poor little ducklings were tired of their gambols and came out, he was on the watch, and conducted them back to the

poultry-yard, in the same careful, methodical fashion with which he had led them out.

If a stray duckling, intent perhaps on the capture of a snail or a grub, left the line, the peacock gently guided it back again ; and, day after day, this same tender care was repeated by the old peacock, till the brood were grown up and no longer needed his superintendence.

*Johnnie.* What an interesting story, dear grand-mamma. It was delightful of the fine old peacock to make himself so useful.

*Gran.* Yes, dear Johnnie ; and now tell me, what lesson you think this fine old peacock, as you call him, teaches us.

*Johnnie.* To be of use to others, I suppose, grandmamma, when there is an opportunity.

*Gran.* Quite right, Johnnie ; only remember we should not *wait* for opportunities, but constantly *make* them, and be always ready to help others.

*Johnnie.* I do not know what you mean, grand-mamma, by making an opportunity for helping others.

*Gran.* I mean, dear Johnnie, that we should be



constantly on the look out and willing to be of use, which is the practical meaning of our Lord's command—"To love our neighbours as ourselves;" for we are all ready enough to do good to *ourselves*, are we not? but this will not make us happy; nor can we please our Heavenly Father unless we try to do to others as we would be done by. "To bear one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

*Johnnie.* Thank you very much, dear grand-mamma; the next time I am going to do something very nice, and I think I could do a kindness to another instead, I will try and remember the old peacock and the care he took of those dear funny little ducklings.

*Gran.* Well, Johnnie, you are so fond of stories about dogs and cats, that I like to gratify you when I hear well-authenticated ones, especially if the person who tells them is a friend of our own. Here is one. A Scotch terrier, named Halt, the property of a clergyman, residing at that time in the south of Ireland, being of a peculiarly intelligent and sagacious breed, and also a great pet with the family, was observed one night

to be particularly restless and uneasy, running in and out of the bedroom belonging to one of the boys, with whom the dog usually slept. At last, to attract observation more thoroughly, he commenced whining and crying piteously. The boy, wondering what could be the matter, followed the dog down stairs, and, to his horror, he found one of the women servants sitting before the kitchen fire, fast asleep, with her clothes in a blaze. The dog exhibited great delight when she was awakened from her perilous position, and the fire extinguished.

A brother of the above-mentioned clever animal, which belonged to a gentleman living in the west of Ireland, had been for some time *suspected* of killing sheep, several having been found dead, with marks of strangulation about their throats. The gentleman observed to his steward in the dog's hearing, "If another sheep is killed I will have *him* shot." A few days after, whilst walking in the fields with a friend, the dog rushed up to his master, barking, and showing every appearance of fright and anger, running backwards and forwards, and at length pulling the gentleman's

clothes to attract his attention. The two friends then followed the dog immediately, which, running on before them, stopped at a deep ditch ; when, judge their astonishment, on seeing a large mastiff worrying a sheep, which died a few minutes after : then the poor little terrier proved himself innocent, and very fortunately brought home conviction of guilt on the real criminal. How fortunate this was for *our* poor little countryman, was it not, Johnnie ?

*Johnnie.* Yes, indeed, grandmamma ; and it is a pity every thief and murderer, as the mastiff certainly proved himself to be, is not convicted and punished, as *he* no doubt was ; but it is not every one who is *falsely* accused, like the little Scotch terrier, which was so clever as to find out the real culprit, and be able to bring him to justice. I am so glad he was saved from being unjustly shot.

*Gran.* I will now tell you another story, on the sagacity and faithfulness of a dog.

A short time ago, a dog, well known to the railway officials, from his frequently travelling with his master, presented himself at one of the

stations on the Fleetwood, Preston, and Langridge line. After looking round for some time amongst the passengers and in the carriages, just as the train was about to start, he leaped into one of the compartments of a carriage, and laid himself down under a seat ; arrived at Langridge, he made another survey of the passengers, and after waiting until the station had been cleared, he went to the Railway Station Hotel, searched all the places on the groundfloor, then made a tour of inspection through the adjoining grounds ; but being apparently unsuccessful, trotted back to the train, and took up his position again as before, just as it moved off.

*Johnnie.* Why, grandmamma, that dog seems to have had as much thought and reason as I could have had, if I had lost papa or you on my journey. I am sure I do not know what I should have done if I had found myself all alone amongst strangers, particularly if I could not have told any of them what I wanted or where I was going.

*Gran.* Well, we shall see how doggy managed. It appears that he had proceeded to the general railway station at Preston, and, after repeating

the *looking-round* performance, placed himself under one of the seats in a train he had singled out of the many that are constantly popping and puffing in and out, and in due time they arrived at Liverpool.

*Johnnie.* I think I remember something of Liverpool,—where we embarked to go out to America ; and it is an immense place, where both men and dogs, as well as little boys, could very easily lose themselves. I am sure I should be quite frightened to feel myself alone there.

*Gran.* And so should I ; but you and I have, by God's great goodness to us, the gift of speech, so we could make inquiries of some civil policeman, or perhaps a kind passer-by, as to our road, which the poor dumb beast could not do ; but he seems not to have been daunted by any former disappointment : on he goes, and, we are told, he next visited a few places where he had been before with his master, of whom (as it afterwards appeared) he was in search. Of his adventures in Liverpool little is known ; but he remained there one night, and again returned to Preston

early next morning. Still not finding his missing master, for the fourth time he "took the train"—this time, however, to Lancashire and Carlisle, at which latter place the sagacity and faithfulness of the animal, as well as its perseverance and the *tact*, or *instinct*, he displayed in prosecuting his search, were rewarded by finding his master. Their joy at meeting was mutual.

I have some more capital stories, and all having occurred amongst friends, will, I am sure, make them much more interesting to you. I want to know why, when my stories entertain you so much, you cannot get your friends to tell you some good ones for my amusement.

*Johnnie.* Oh, dear grandmamma, I cannot write so well as you do, nor so fast ; and you have the art of making all stories seem so true, I could almost believe I had myself seen the things happen ; so if YOU are *told* amusing or entertaining stories, you can write them down just as you heard them.

*Gran.* Well, here is one an old friend of mine gave me for you. "A spaniel which mamma once had, named "Fan," was, in her opinion, as re-

markable for goodness, forgiveness, gentleness, and loving-kindness, as any human being could be ! It was extremely wise, and certainly was a delightful companion, except when hares were in question, for then it forgot everything and everybody in its pursuit, consequently became *disobedient*, which was one great drawback to its supposed perfect character ! My friend had a dog Bessy, which was too proud to go in at the back door, though it condescended to go out with the gamekeeper, and remain with him until they came near home, when it would prefer sitting wet and hungry at the *front* door, rather than demean itself by going in at the back ! It also taught its daughter Fan 'self-trust,' making it go by a separate path and meeting in the woods. This is far more like cunning reason than instinct. We have now two cats, mother and daughter, who fight furiously from jealousy of our favour. The old one is devoted to Evan, whom she follows like a dog ; and when he goes away for a few days, she disappears altogether from house and garden, though not far off, as she is sure to reappear an hour or two after

his return. The young one is fonder of Malcolm and Alpine, and goes mewling about the house when either of them is in it. Malcolm brought a coati-mandi from Brazil, which was so tame with the sailors, it ran up them as if they were *trees*, then turned round on their shoulders, and with head downwards, would fight any dog that came near. He was particularly attached to Malcolm, and would sit on his shoulder, with his magnificent striped tail coiled round Malcolm's neck like a fur boa. He was obliged to be chained to a perch, because he would, if loose, break every scrap of crockery he could find, though not mischievous in other respects. Here he made great acquaintance with the above-mentioned cats, whom he used to hug *à la bear*; and his favourite seat was in an empty coal-scuttle accidentally placed near his stand. Last winter we were afraid that the weather would be too cold for him, so we took him to the Zoological Gardens, and the journey from home would form a long story to tell a child, from his very odd antics in the railway carriage and on top of the cab, all the passengers asking what animal it could be. Some said it was a cat



with a tiger's tail ; others thought it a new species of fox ; others again, pronounced it a monkey ; but the general guess was a racoon, which, however, except in size, it in no way resembles. We were sorry to leave it in so small a hutch at the Zoological Gardens ; but we were quite sure it would be better taken care of than we could possibly do at home. A full year afterwards Malcolm went to see it with two friends, whom the animal growled and snarled at ; but the moment Malcolm showed himself, and called ' Conney, Conney ! ' which was the name the sailors had given him, he seemed overjoyed to see him, and made strong efforts to get out to him."

*Johnnie.* I like that story very much, but I do not know that animal, and should like to hear more about it. It seems, however, to be able to be tamed, and become fond of those who are kind to it. Where does it come from ? and what species does it belong to ? Do tell me all you can of its history.

*Gran.* I think, dear boy, if I tell you what that great French writer on Natural History (Buffon)

says of it, I could not give you better authority. He says, "The Coati, or *Brazilian weasel*, is often called coati-mandi by different authors. He is of opinion that those two so named are only slight variations (in colour chiefly) of the same animal. It is an animal of prey, living on flesh and blood, and, like the fox and marten, it devours small animals, fowls, and eggs, and hunts for the nests of birds." Linnæus says, "it is equally numerous in South and North America ; in the length of his hind-legs, the inclination of his head, the bushiness of his hair, and in his paws, he resembles the bear ; but he is small and familiar." The Crown Prince of Sweden once made a present of one of these to Linnæus, who kept it for a considerable time, but lost all the labour he bestowed in attempting to civilize it, for the coati-mandi, when it could steal out of the court-yard, *violating all the rights of hospitality*, flew at the poultry, tore off their heads, and *drank their blood* ! This one was so obstinate it would do nothing it did not like or fancy. Though he was so small, he defended himself with great force when any one attempted to seize him against his will, and he

stuck fast to the legs of those with whom he was familiar, when he wanted to ransack their pockets, and carry off what he found in them. But there is a remedy for this obstinacy. The coati has a great aversion to hog's bristles, and the smallest brush makes him give up his enterprise. One day he was worried to death by a great mastiff. His mode of living was remarkable ; he invariably slept from midnight till noon, waked the rest of the day, and walked about from six in the evening till midnight without the least regard to weather. This is probably the time assigned by Nature to this species of animal when in their own homes for procuring food, hunting birds, and discovering their eggs, which form their principal nourishment. They have peculiarly long beautifully-marked or ribbed tails, which they carry erect, and sweep about from side to side ; he has a bad trick of gnawing off a portion of his own tail, as do also some species of monkeys, shortening them one-third. The Coati has small eyes, short ears, shorter legs, and longer feet than the racoon ; and, like it, has five toes on each foot. I think this description of the creature from two such high authorities

will give you greater interest in the anecdote about the one sent to the Zoological Gardens by our friends.

*Johnnie.* I am sure, dear grandmamma, I shall like to learn all about animals. What you have told me already has amused me very much. Do you remember promising to give me some account of the beaver ? You said they had a very curious way of building their houses, and showed a great deal of instinct in their habits.

*Gran.* I do, dear, and will now tell you what I know of their manners and customs ; but I have gained my information chiefly from books, as I never had it in my power to study them myself. The beaver is a native of Europe, Asia, and America—the latter country it abounds in. Its body is about three feet long, the tail about one foot, oval, and a good deal flattened ; the usual colour of the hair, which is very fine, smooth, and glossy, is chestnut, varying sometimes to black ; it *has* been found white, cream-coloured, or spotted ; the ears are short, and nearly hidden in fur. So much for its appearance. No other quadruped seems to possess so great a degree

of natural sagacity, instinct, or reason, or whatever it may be called, as the beaver. Captain Cartwright, who lived a great many years in Labrador, to collect the various furs of that dreary region, paid great attention to the habits of these creatures. He says their front teeth are well adapted for gnawing wood, being very strong. They feed on leaves and the bark of trees ; when they eat they sit upright, and carry the food to their mouth as the squirrel tribe do. They eat no animal food whatever ; beavers live in communities of two or three hundred together, inhabiting dwellings which they raise to the height of six or eight feet above the water. They select, if possible, a large pond, and raise their houses on piles, forming them either of a circular or oval shape, with arched tops, which give them on the outside the appearance of a dome, whilst within they have the appearance of an oven. Their number of houses in general is from ten to thirty. If they cannot find a pond to their mind, they fix on some flat piece of ground with a stream running through it. In making this a suitable place for their residence, a degree of sagacity and intelligence, of

attention and memory, is exhibited nearly equal to that of the human race. Their first object is to form a dam : to do this, it is necessary that they should stop the stream, and of course that they should know in which direction it runs. *This* seems a very extraordinary exertion of intellect, for they always do it in the most favourable place for the purpose, and *never* begin at a wrong part. They drive stakes five or six feet long into the ground, and interweave them with branches of trees, like wicker-work, filling them up with clay, stones, or sand, which they ram down so firmly, that though the dams are frequently a hundred feet long, Captain Cartwright says he has walked over them with the most perfect safety. These are ten or twelve feet thick at the base, gradually diminishing towards the top, which is seldom more than two or three feet across. They are exactly level from end to end, perpendicular towards the stream, and sloped outside, where grass soon grows and renders the earth more united. The houses are constructed, with the utmost ingenuity, of earth, stones, and sticks, cemented together, and plastered in the inside with the greatest neat-

ness. The walls are about two feet thick, and the floors so much higher than the surface of the water as to prevent them from being flooded. Some of the houses have only one floor, whilst others have three. The number of beavers in each house is from twenty to thirty. These sleep on the floor, which is comfortably strewn with leaves and moss, and each individual of the community is said to have his own place.

*Johnnie.* Indeed, grandmamma, I think people are very right who consider beavers such clever and sensible animals. I do not think any man could be wiser in making a snug and cosy house to live in than those creatures ; I should think they must be very warm so many living together, and then, being underground, they can never be kept awake at night by howling storms and wind, as we are. I am sure I have been often much frightened at night, expecting the chimneys to be blown down or the roof off ; therefore our little friends are far better off in such cases than we are. Do go on, if you have more to tell me.

*Gran.* Yes, I can furnish you with more infor-

mation, which I have obtained through a very observant lover of the works of God. He tells me further, when they form a new settlement, they begin to build their houses in summer, and it costs them a whole season to finish their work and lay in their store of provisions, which consist principally of bark and the tender branches of trees, cut into certain lengths and piled up in heaps for the winter. Their houses have each only one opening, and that under water and always below the thickness of the ice. By this means they are freed from the effects of the frost. Beavers seldom quit their residence, unless they are disturbed or their provisions fail. When they have continued in the same place three or four years, they frequently erect a new house every year, or sometimes repair an old one, and live in that. It often happens that they build the new house so close to the old one that they cut a communication from one to the other, and this may have given rise to the idea of their having several apartments. During the summer they forsake their houses and ramble about from place to place, sleeping under bushes



near the water-side. On the least noise they betake themselves to the water, for security ; and have sentinels, who, by a peculiar cry, give notice of the approach of danger. In winter they never stir out, except to their magazine under water, and during that season become excessively fat. We cannot wonder that such sociable creatures as the beavers are, should also exhibit great attachment to each other. Two young ones that were once taken alive and brought home, were preserved for some time and thrived well, till one of them was accidentally killed. Its companion instantly showed its grief, and abstained from food till it died. A pretty fact is related by Major Roderford, who had a tame beaver above a year and a half in his house, where he followed him about like a dog. The major often gave him bread, but fish he especially delighted in, and was quite greedy of it. All the rags and soft things he could collect he carried to the corner where he was accustomed to sleep, and made a bed of them. The cat in the house having kittens, took possession of his bed, but he never attempted to prevent her. When puss went out the beaver

was often seen to take the kitten which was preserved alive in his fore paws very gently, and hold it to his bosom to keep it warm, and seemed to dote upon it. As soon as the cat came back he always returned the kitten to her again. Sometimes he grumbled, but never did any harm, nor attempted to bite.

*Johnnie.* I think the beaver could be made very tame, and it would be nice to have one for a pet. I wonder more people do not keep them.

*Gran.* It would only be to gratify oneself, dear Johnnie, that any one would wish to keep them ; and it appears to me that a creature who has so many sociable qualities amongst its own species would be much more happy in its own home than the most comfortable existence even a kind master could give it, as solitude and absence from one's own familiar friends must be a severe species of punishment, especially when we reflect what an intelligent creature the beaver is.

*Johnnie.* You are right, grandmamma ; I was only thinking of my own amusement. Are not the skins of beavers very valuable ?

*Gran.* Yes, love, they bring a good price, both

those of America and Russia ; those of a black colour are preferred, especially when caught during the winter, as at that season the fur is much finer and closer. Sometimes as many as fifty-four thousand are sold at one sale. Poor little things, they are generally caught in traps, or by netting their holes. By land their motions are very slow, and they are remarkably timid creatures and easily killed, though they possess teeth extremely sharp and strong, and, therefore, could make a stout defence. If they happen to meet a man, they are so frightened that they sit down and cry like a child.

Now, then, I think I have told you quite enough of these intelligent creatures to make you long to get more particulars regarding them ; and while you are living in Russia, it is by no means impossible you may be fortunate enough to see one of their wonderful settlements, in which case I shall undoubtedly look for a letter from you, giving me all your observations about them and all you can pick up from the natives near whom they live. Good night.

## CHAPTER IV.

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*Gran.* A VERY interesting story was told me the other day by a clergyman, and I will relate it to you exactly in his words.

“As I was journeying the other day to W., and my mind busily occupied with the book I was reading, I was startled by seeing two men running by the side of the carriage and making strong signs for me to stop. At first I thought that they might have some evil intentions, but as I quickly discerned more of anxiety than mischief in their faces, I ordered the coachman to pull up. One of the men immediately came to the carriage door, and, breathless from his exertions of running so fast, gasped out, ‘Oh ! sir, the child ! the

child !' I was very much alarmed, for it struck me that I might have driven over some poor child, or knocked it down, or in some way done it some great mischief. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed, 'What do you mean?' 'Oh! sir,' again the man cried out, 'the child! the child!' My anxiety was increased. 'What child? How can I help you?' I said. At length the man recovered his breath, and proceeded to satisfy my curiosity. He told me they had found a little girl about six years of age wandering about on the downs, and crying very bitterly. On their asking her what was the matter with her, she told them that she had been sent out early in the morning to take some sheep to pasture, and on her trying to return home had lost her way. The sun was now going down, and the poor little thing complained of being very hungry, as she had eaten nothing since her very early breakfast. My informant told me that he had given the poor child something to eat, but what to do with her now he knew not. As he saw my carriage coming along, it occurred to him that I might take her some way on my road, as he imagined, from

the little information he could glean from her, that she lived somewhere in the direction in which I was going. He had asked her where she lived, who her parents were, and what was her name ; but to none of these simple inquiries could he obtain any satisfactory answer. It seemed to me a curious story, and one of some practical perplexity, but I could not refuse to take charge of the little foundling, and so I at once complied with the man's request to take her with me, and make diligent inquiries as I went along the road about her parents and her home. While the man was relating these particulars of the child, the rest of the party came up, bringing the poor little creature with them. She appeared very much bewildered, and would make no reply to any question I put to her. I placed her in the carriage, and promising the men who found her that I would do what I could to restore her to her home, I drove off. From the unhappy state of my little companion's mind, I knew that it would be of no use to attempt to question her, so I endeavoured to amuse her with flowers, and then I gave her some biscuits.

Under these simple attentions she seemed to rouse herself a little, but still I was quite unable to get at her name and the place of her home. I made several fruitless attempts, and I was considering with myself what in the world I should do with her ; she could not live very far away, and I knew that if we proceeded many miles upon the road there was no chance of restoring her to her friends that night. I could not help thinking of the distress that there would be in her simple home when the night came on and she did not return. My thoughts naturally turned to what my own feelings would be were it my own child that had missed its way, and was wandering about the wide downs that skirted the road—houseless and hungry. And then, again, I could scarcely keep from being angry with the child for being so stupid as not to know her own name, and not to be able to give me any hint by which I might find out her home. It appeared to me that there was nothing for me but to carry her to W., and continue my search for her friends in the morning. While all these various thoughts were chasing each other in my mind, I was startled by the child starting up and crying out—‘ There he is ;

there he is.' 'There is *who?*' I said with great eagerness. 'Who?' 'There is father;' and looking in the direction in which her eyes were bent, I saw upon the brow of the downs what appeared to me only two black specks thrown out into view by the last rays of the setting sun. The animation of the child seemed all at once restored; her eye, which before was heavy, now lighted up as she clapped her little hands together and again exclaimed—now looking to me for sympathy—'There he is; I know him by the dog.' I could now discern what I thought was the outline of two figures—a man and a dog. My delight was very great, and I immediately stopped my carriage and got out into the road. I mounted upon a little mound by the road-side, and then waved my hat to the figure that was slowly moving about on the downs and slopes: it was some time before I was observed; at last the man noticed my motions, and began very rapidly to descend the hill. The dog ran on before him, every now and then turning round to watch the actions of his master. When he had come within hearing distance, I shouted out to



him—‘Are you looking for your child?’ The moment the question reached him he stood still, motionless as if he had been turned into a pillar of stone; he made no reply. I repeated the question; still no answer. I could see the dog looking up into his face. I asked the little girl if that were her father; she said, ‘Oh yes, and that’s the dog.’ I then cried out to the man—‘Come on; I have got your child;’ and I never shall forget the scene, for the father, now overcome by his feelings, realized to my mind, in a way I never knew before, the beautiful words of Sacred Scripture—‘He lifted up his voice and wept;’ and it was some little time before he recovered himself sufficiently to advance. I told the child to get out of the carriage, that her father might see her, but the moment she stepped into the road the dog bounded towards her, and, coming up, placed his two paws upon her shoulders and licked her face. It was a scene that Landseer would have liked to witness, for never did I see joy more clearly expressed by a human countenance than I did at the moment in the *smiling* face of that intelligent and *sympa-*

*thizing* dog. The father was overjoyed on receiving from me his lost daughter. He told me he had been wandering hours and hours on the downs in the greatest anxiety, and was just giving up his search as fruitless when he perceived me waving to him. I could not help remarking the joyous expression of the dog. 'Yes,' he said, 'poor fellow ! he is now rewarded as well as myself, for as he shared with me in my grief, he now partakes my joy.' My little foundling seemed to be as much attached to the dog as to her father, for she certainly viewed her fourfooted friend with much more earnestness than her anxious and much-delighted parent. After having administered to the shepherd a little good advice as to the future care of his child, I entered my carriage and drove off."

*Gran.* Dear Johnnie, as I have amused you for some time with my stories, before I tell you any more, I am going to give you a little poem, translated from the German of Körner, by your Uncle Henry, which I should like you to learn to repeat; and though it is called the "Soldier's Prayer," it is one

equally applicable to the sailor, for the same God who protects the hero by land can save the hero of the sea.

### THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

*(Translated from the German of Körner, by H. L.)*

O LORD ! Thou art my star by night,  
My glorious sun by day,  
My shield of faith, my sole delight,  
Where'er my footsteps stray.  
Since Thou, O Lord, art ever near,  
Can pilgrim man have cause to fear ?

Give to my arm the strength to wield  
The sword for justice drawn ;  
Grant that to foe I ne'er may yield ;  
Of honours ne'er be shorn.  
Lay bare the breast of every foe :  
Oh, guide my hand—direct my blow !

Ne'er may my steed his footsteps miss  
When yawns the chasm wide ;  
Send angels from Thy realms of bliss,  
My ways to watch and guide.  
Be Thou my star—my only stay,  
When o'er the desert lies my way.

Give me to scent Thy balmy breeze,  
To feel Thy grateful shade,  
Ere pale fatigue my limbs shall seize,  
Ere sight and strength shall fade.  
Close Thou mine eyes, and let me roam  
O'er heavenly realms and find my home !

*Johnnie.* That is very pretty, grandmamma, and I will learn it as quickly as I can, to please both you and Uncle Henry. I like poetry very much, and I hope you will give me more sometimes, after you have told us the stories ; it will be so nice. But tell me who Körner was, and where he was born.

*Gran.* He was born at Dresden in 1791, and being very delicate in his early life, he was not allowed to study much. He early displayed a talent for musical composition, but did not like a quiet life of study. He was a bold rider, a fearless swimmer, a skilful fencer, an eager dancer, and he selected a profession which would call forth his proficiency in physical, as well as intellectual exercises. In 1808 he went to Friburg to study mining, and in 1810 to Berlin,

where, by the publication of a series of dramas, he first laid claim to the title of poet, which his late glorious battle-songs firmly established. In 1813 the war of liberation began in Germany, opening to Körner a congenial field of action. He enrolled himself among the Prussian volunteers, but too quickly met the fate that forms the invariable refrain of his verses. He fell in a skirmish near Schwerin, only two hours after writing his "Sword Song," which I will repeat to you now, as it also was translated by your uncle ; but recollect, I quite expect, as *my* reward, that you learn it by heart.

#### THE SWORD SONG.

*(Translated from the German of Körner, by H. L.)*

THOU trusty brand, at my left hand,

What mean those sunny smiles ?

Thy friendly e'e bent down on me

With joy my day beguiles.

Hurrah !

"A noble knight of many a fight

Bears me,—for him my joy—

In freedom born, by freedom worn,  
My joy has no alloy."

Hurrah !

Yes ! noble sword, I pledge my word  
I'm free, yet bound to thee  
As if some bride were by my side,  
Or maid betroth'd to me.

Hurrah !

"In woe or weal, this form of steel  
For aye shall be with thee.  
Oh ! for a sign that thou art mine,—  
When com'st thou, love, for me ?"

Hurrah !

The trumpet's notes announce to hosts  
Our marriage morn is near,  
When cannons roar, when flows the gore,  
I'll come for thee, my dear.

Hurrah !

"Oh, happy kiss of endless bliss !  
I long to call thee mine ;  
Oh, take thy bride unto thy side—  
Her maiden heart is thine !"

Hurrah !

Why rings my steel a merry peal  
Within its sheath of mail,

*Instinct ; or Reason ?*

Like joyful sound of battle-ground

Where warriors faint and fail ?

Hurrah !

“ Wouldst know, love, why I raise that cry ?

’Tis for the bloody fight ;

For this I long, for this I’m strong,

For this I’m keen and bright.”

Hurrah !

Roam not, mine own, beyond thy home,

Nor seek the light above ;

Here must thou stay, nor turn away

Until I come, my love.

Hurrah !

“ Oh, leave me not in this lone spot,

Far from those flowery plains,

Where blood-red blows the tender rose,

Where death in beauty reigns.”

Hurrah !

Leap from thy sheath—no victor’s wreath

Was ever prized as thou ;

Come forth, my blade, for with thy aid

Our country’s foes must bow.

Hurrah !

"What joy for me to feel I'm free !  
Ho, for the bridal meal,—  
Lit by the ray of brilliant day,  
Where brightly shines the steel."  
Hurrah !

Now let her sing her joyous hymn  
Unfetter'd at our side :  
Behold the dawn of the marriage morn—  
Hurrah ! thou iron bride !  
Hurrah !

*Johnnie.* Oh, thank you, grandmamma—that is quite the song of a warrior ; and when I am a sailor I hope my sword will be well employed if it is necessary to fight for my dear good Queen and country—and you always tell me I have the blood of heroes in my veins, who have done a great deal of good service in many parts of the British empire ; and I hope I shall also become a brave man. But now, please, you must begin and tell me some of your nice stories again.

*Gran.* I will try and tell you, as well as I can, a very curious and amusing story, which my friend, Mrs. Llewellyn Irby, told me a few days



ago, when I went to call on her at Torquay, where she has been this winter for the benefit of her health. Her father, at his beautiful place, Faulkbourn Hall, in the county of Essex, had a very pretty Welsh pony, called Nobby, and this creature was so clever and so cunning, he could open every gate, in whatever manner it might be fastened. Latches were of no avail against Mr. Nobby's tongue. They tried tying the gates with rope—he could undo the knots ; padlocks were suggested and put on—these at first were puzzling to our friend, but he was not even thus to be balked of his pleasure in roaming where he pleased ; when he found he could not master the mystery of the locks, he actually lifted the gates off their hinges, and got out ! Nobby, too, was of a very sociable and kind disposition, extremely polite in his manners, and very friendly with his neighbours ; and he seems to have been an especial favourite with the cows, whose companion he frequently was, sharing their pasturage. Mrs. Irby said, that if the cows and he were secured in a field in which was no water, they have by some language unknown to us informed

their friend when they wanted to drink, and he has *been seen* frequently to open the gate for them, and hold it open till all the cows and calves had passed through. Moreover, when the cows have been grazing in the park, and Nobby at a considerable distance off, in another part of the property, the cows, not having sense and instinct to enable them to overcome the gate difficulties, have been known, in their distress for water, to call Nobby to their aid, and he, instantly leaving his own dinner-table, hastened to the assistance of his fair friends, opening the gates and holding them so, till they all passed through and reached the desired stream. Whether Nobby bowed to the ladies as they passed him, is not recorded ; yet we may well imagine, that so high-bred a quadruped as he evidently was, did all that his innately kind nature taught him was polite. I therefore think, dear Johnnie, you will agree with me, that this dear, nice pony might teach boys and girls some very excellent moral lessons in kindness and friendliness to neighbours in distress.

Nobby gave another very wonderful example of

his forethought and wisdom, which we can scarcely account for, as it showed such extraordinary reasoning powers. One of the other horses of the establishment had been very ill, and confined for a long time to the stable. Nobby, when all the servants were occupied, one day got out of his field, went to the stable, opened the door, and brought out his sick friend ; took him a long walk all round the park, opening several gates, and did not return by the same route he went out ; allowed him to eat some fine fresh grass, and brought him back to the stable. A man, with all his wisdom and reasoning faculties, could not have done more.

*Johnnie.* Ten thousand thanks, dear grand-mamma, for so delightful a story. I have always been told that horses had very good memories, and never forgot a place where they had once been to and well treated ; but Nobby seems to have had more than a good memory, he was so clever in many ways ; but he must have been rather troublesome also, as bolts and locks did not appear of much use in keeping him in, and I dare say the servants were often provoked with his wandering

habits. I think our good Copeland would have tried some plan to keep him in, if Willie's beautiful pony at Thirlestane ever tried such tricks.

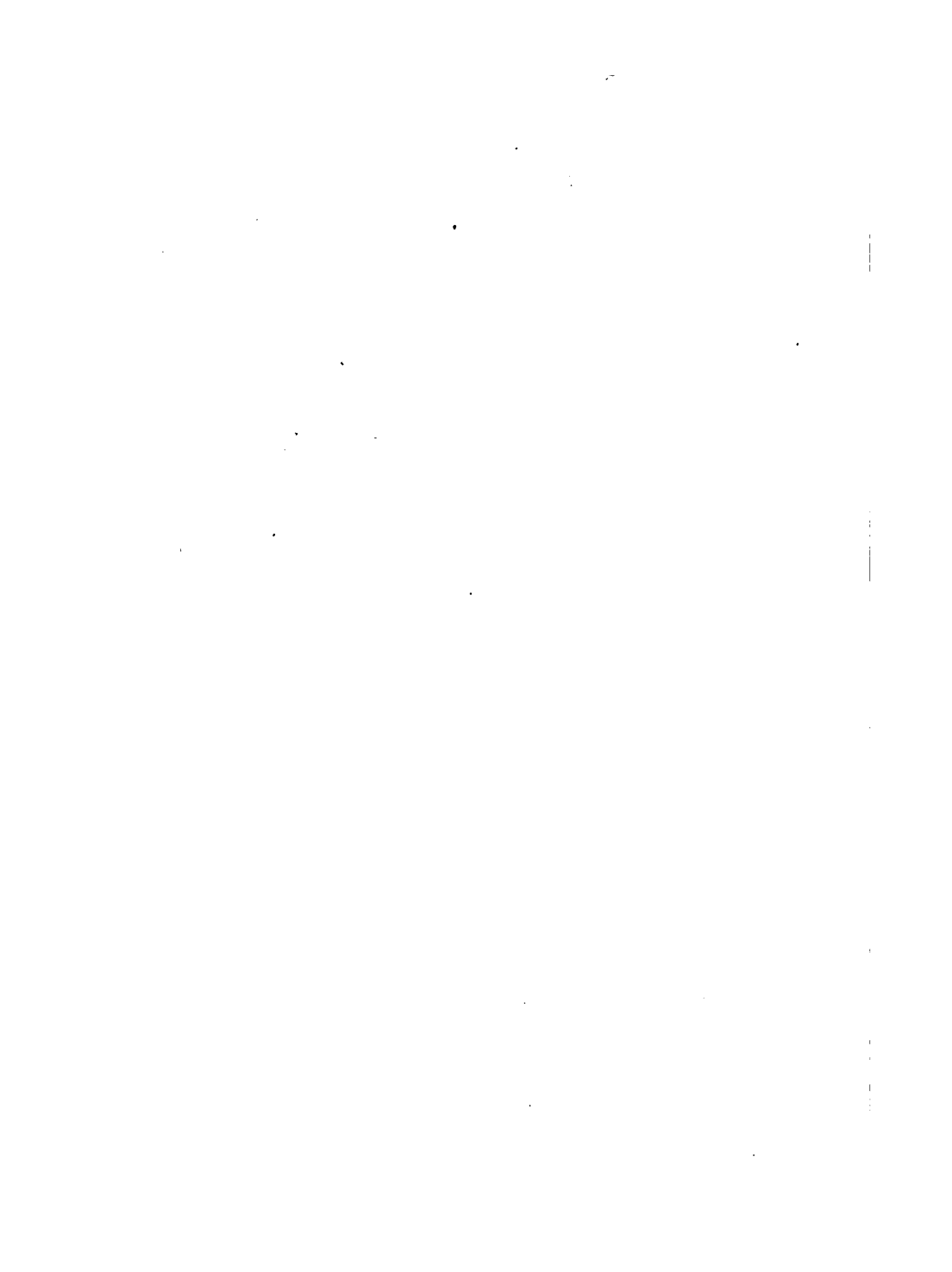
*Gran.* An aged gentleman, who dwelt some years ago at Torquay, had a favourite bullfinch, which was very tame, and of a most affectionate disposition. The door of its cage was usually left open in the daytime, and when called by its master, it was wont to fly across the drawing-room, and to perch upon his head or arm, where it would feed upon the seeds or crumbs which were presented to it. Occasionally, Bully would fly out of its cage without being summoned, and then the first notice received by his master (who was nearly blind) of his little favourite's approach, was the twitting of a hair upon his head, or the fluttering of the bird's wings upon his shoulder. Often, when he walked up and down the room, Bully would fly after him, or flutter around his steps, as if he were pleased by the kind and familiar words addressed to him by his master. This loving intercourse had subsisted a long while between the gentleman and his winged favourite, when Bully was suddenly attacked by disease, and seemed to be at the very

point of death. The poor little creature being unable to stand upon its perch, was laid upon some soft moss which was placed at the bottom of its cage, and there it lay, with closed lids and panting breast, taking no notice of any one that approached the cage. The kind master, who on that day was suffering from indisposition, sat at the other end of the apartment reclining in his arm-chair. One of his daughters coming into the room, he begged of her to go and look at Bully, and to tell him whether there seemed to be any chance of his recovery. She brought him the unwelcome tidings that poor little Bully was evidently dying. Looking very sad, he said, "I wonder whether he would take any notice of me now!" and then raising his voice, he said, "Bully, Bully, come to your master." The dying bird, on hearing this well-known voice, raised its drooping wings, sprang out of its cage, and in one moment fell dead upon the floor at his feet.

The gentleman was deeply affected by this last proof of his favourite's attachment to him; and with a voice trembling with emotion, he said to his daughter,—



"May I be as ready"



“ May *I* be as ready to fly to *my* Master, when  
He calls me hence ! ”

THE BIRD'S LAY.

How blithe a thing at morning tide,  
To hear thy joyous lay,  
Like gladdening notes of youthful bride,  
Or lover's roundelay.

Across the lake, where mirror'd lie  
The roseate hues of day,  
Deck'd with fair Autumn's panoply,  
To see thee wing thy way.

List in thy flight to tinkling bells,  
Whose kind familiar sound  
Of emerald fields and pasture tells,  
And golden harvest ground.

Now find within this tender rose  
A cup of sparkling dew,  
Now linger where the tulip glows  
And boasts of brighter hue.

Or scan awhile the lily's bed  
With silvery mantle spread,  
And shelter there thy weary head  
Till noon's warm rays are sped.



Then soar above the waving sheaves,  
Where purer perfumes rise,  
And make thy nest among the leaves—  
Thy glorious roof the skies.

Descend, to dip thy jewell'd breast  
In yonder mountain stream ;  
Then gently fold thy wings to rest,  
Of innocence to dream.

H. L.

## CHAPTER V.

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*Gran.* WELL, Johnnie, a kind and merry friend of mine, who dearly loves fun, and enters with all his heart into a joke, has communicated, in verse, a true piece of merriment, the author of which he knew. I hope the little history of "Bryan O'Lynn and his well-trained Pig" will make you laugh. My friend has a fund of good stories for amusing boys and girls, and delights to hear the ringing peals of laughter from their little throats ; and as I well know that you and your brothers enjoy merry-making as much as any boys of my acquaintance, I have had great pleasure in copying for you those original and unpublished memorials of Master O'Lynn's entrance on the school life

which he appears to have relished with the keenness of a true-born son of our beautiful Emerald Isle. I will give this chapter no further preface.

BRYAN O'LYNN AND HIS PET PIG.

*[Original ; from the Emerald Isle.]*

BRYAN O'LYNN was very well known  
As a pickle that could not be match'd in the town :  
A pet of his mother, who pined and grew thin,  
At the sad thoughts of parting with Bryan O'Lynn.

With a prospect to save him, to school he must go,  
Or he'd most likely go to the regions below ;  
To avert such a destiny, poor Mrs. Lynn  
Reluctantly parted with Bryan O'Lynn.

Freed from the apron-string and mother's care,  
Bryan took leave, with heart light as air ;  
His mind full of play, and the games he should win,  
Were the only things thought of by Bryan O'Lynn.

The good tidy mother, to have all things neat,  
Pack'd his trunk, and stow'd in it (by way of a treat)  
Some raspberry jam, in a small case of tin,  
Which she knew would be relish'd by Bryan O'Lynn.

With wholesome advice and affectionate kiss,  
She tender'd the jam, saying, " Make friends with this ;

Remember the maxim of old Gourn and Quin,  
Just please a man's palate, his friendship you'll win."

"Stage come, sir !" All ready. The party are in.

"Give the coachman directions," cried old Mrs. Lynn.

"At the end of the stage, just next to the inn,  
You'll please set me down," says Bryan O'Lynn.

*Lady.*

"Oh, my corns !" squeak'd a female, aroused from her sleep.

*Bryan.*

"You should not," said Bryan, "such company keep :  
Corns should always be *cut*, by ladies and men,  
Or the vulgar intruders will come back again."

*Lady.*

"It's well, my young gent, you are going to school,  
To learn, I should hope, of politeness some rule ;  
May I ask, what your aim is ? or what you're to be ?  
For, if you were mine, I would send you to sea."

*Bryan.*

"I dare say you're right, it's a fine field for fame,  
Where ambitious youth *may* pick up a name ;  
But the wiseacres tell me I cannot aim higher,  
Than to purify Thames, or set it on fire.

Rewards may be gain'd—it may be my lot  
In the water to make a hole, or stop a shot ;

These things are all chance, we don't know our fate,  
Where or what it may be—whether early or late.

I always liked play, ma'am, which used to annoy  
Dear mother, who wish'd I had not been a boy.  
Boys *will* be boys, ma'am, who must have their frisk ;  
There's no fun in play, ma'am, unless there is riak."

*Lady.*

" No doubt, your good mother, indulgent and kind,  
Has taken some pains to tutor your mind."

*Bryan.*

" Yes, she made me repeat, to guard me from sin,  
These lines, night and morning," said Bryan O'Lynn.

" Let us live while we live, and so manage our day,  
That we need not regret what we do or we say ;  
Bearing this well in mind, that whatever we do,  
We always God's precepts keep strictly in view."

The sound of the horn, heard by those in the town,  
Where the coach was to stop and set Bryan down,  
Accounted for all the boys brought to the door,  
For they'd heard of his coming a long while before.

They, on his alighting, crowded all round about,  
To ascertain what sort of fellow they'd got :  
Whether ugly, good-looking, fast or slow, slim or stout.  
A volley of questions assail'd Bryan's ear,  
How to answer them all was not quite so clear.

*Bryan.*

"What a Babel," cried Bryan, "turn out your best man ;  
I'll answer you all, one by one, if I can."

*Boys.*

"Hurrah for old plucky ! bravo, bravo, well done :  
This fellow's no muff ; he's brimful of fun."

Dr. Bircham's appearance dispersed the whole crew ;  
Saluting young Bryan with "Well, how d'ye do ?"  
Took him into the study to see Mrs. B.,  
Who won Bryan's heart through some muffins and tea.

The tea once discuss'd, John came in for the tray,  
When the voice of the doctor called Bryan away,  
That Bryan might hear for himself the strict rules  
Laid down for all boys whilst at public schools.

*Doctor.*

"Your mother, O'Lynn, in this letter, speaks well  
Of your talent, and wish to write better and spell ;  
This you'll easily do, if you will, day by day,  
First finish your lessons, and then go to play.

Whatever you do, *be in earnest*, my boy !  
*To do the thing well*, and *your time well employ* ;  
Do little by little, you'll heap up a store  
Of learning, to vie with the wise men of yore.

Keep well their trite sayings stored up in your mind,  
As example—you cannot a better guide find ;  
This, perhaps, will enable you some day to say,  
‘Thank God, I have done something good in my day !’

Here’s the seniors’ room, where I wish you to be.  
Take care of O’Lynn, boys ! I trust you’ll agree.  
Whilst the wind’s in the east, I cannot go out ;  
I leave it with you, boys, to show him about.”

*[Exit Doctor.]*

*Boys.*

“If we could only get the old buffer to stay  
With his asthma in-doors, we could have our own way  
Out of bounds—oh ! how jolly—no end then of fun.”

*Bryan.*

“Well,” says Bryan, “sure that may be easily done.”  
“Pooh, bosh !” says the captain, “that cannot be done.”

*Bryan.*

“I’m in earnest,” said Bryan ; “it’s none of my fun.  
With a twopenny kite, and a roll of silk thread,  
I’d the vane (pointing east) tie fast at the head.

The doctor says this, ‘The wind in the east  
I can’t stand ; it’s not good for man nor for beast.’  
Let’s please him by sticking the weathercock fast,  
As the first thing he does is to look at the mast.

But the gard'ner and watchman stand much in our way ;  
It's right that these men take part in our play.  
I vote that each man should have his tongue tied :  
With a stiff glass of toddy suppose they're supplied ! ”

The captain, enraged, left his seat in a huff,  
In an undertone muttering, “ What infernal stuff !  
I repeat, once for all, it's bosh and won't do.  
What nonsense you talk—it's all botheroo.”

The boys took a different view of the case,  
And proposed, on the captain resuming his place,  
That their votes should decide by the box going round,  
Which done, only one dissentient was found.

As the captain assumed now a different tone,  
It was right, all agree, the affair to postpone ;  
For a long and strong pull, with all hands agreed,  
In most undertakings was sure to succeed.

The captain's contempt stirr'd up Bryan's pluck,  
Who silently thought, “ I'll match *you*, my buck.  
Your pooh ! bosh ! and sneer, shan't unnoticed be ;  
No hurry, my boy—wait a bit, and you'll see.”

He very soon learnt all the names in the school,  
Their sleeping arrangement and nick-names in full ;  
The captain was Smouch—thought false, and a sneak,  
Who toadied the doctor and acted as *beak*.



The bedsteads, all single turn-ups, were in rows ;  
At night, the turn-ups were turn'd down for repose ;  
Old Smouch's was slyly marked out from the rest,  
But determined by Bryan to be *no bed of rest*.

He watched well his time, when the boys were at play  
At cricket, or football, on a half-holiday,  
To hollow the leg of old Smouch's bed,  
And double him up with his heels to his head.

In the dead of the night, when all in a doze,  
Indulging in one note produced by the nose,  
Call'd snoring in concert, a blow-up took place,  
Causing each head to start from its down-pillow-case.

The flash and report, and the screaming for light,  
For help and police, show'd a general fright ;  
The sudden flash left them in darkness and doubt,  
To understand what all this rout was about.

The first on the spot to afford some relief  
Was Nodding, the watch, who, instead of a thief,  
Found the bedstead of Smouch in *hospital trim*,  
Denuded and shatter'd, with loss of a limb.

The explosion had carried Smouch three beds away,  
Where, stiff as a statue, he uninjured lay,  
With lips blue, and face of such turnipy hue,  
That Smouch's identity none of them knew.

The whole of the boys left their beds at a bound,  
Nearly smothering Nodding by crowding around ;  
As moths and mosquitoes infest the rushlight,  
And leave you in darkness before it's daylight.

The sound, in the passage, of footsteps drew near,  
But who should first enter was not quite so clear  
(No wonder the Johns and the Bettys felt queer).  
The cook with her spit, and Kitty with broom,  
Led the van, with the rest, in their nightly costume.

John and Judy, the scullion, with clatter and chatter,  
Were not behindhand to learn what was the matter ;  
All gabbling at once—" What is it, oh dear !  
It must be an earthquake, or burglars, I fear."

Some with fright were so seized as to threaten their wits,  
Others halted to look to the nursemaid in fits.  
What with barking of dogs, and arms in array,  
The scene was quite worthy a Hogarth's display.

The order, " Move on," inspired great delight,  
As it show'd police present, although not in sight ;  
So motley a group, so arm'd, and so dress'd,  
Was thought by police to be got up in jest.

That no interruption might inquiry disjoint,  
Attention was call'd to the question in point.  
A blow-up in that room had occur'd, was most true ;  
But who was the cause, none could trace the least clue.

The primary object was old Smouch's bed,  
From which he was pitch'd on one three beds ahead ;  
No trace of a train—no match on the ground,  
Although they minutely search'd all round and round.

As the bedstead was French-make, how came it there ?  
Why, the purchase was made when abroad at a fair,  
At the time of that rascal Fieschi's machine,  
And no hands had touch'd it since here it had been.

This proved most conclusive, and satisfied all,  
Excepting old Smouch, who felt his downfall ;  
A ling'ring suspicion still lurking behind,  
But not being much hurt, he didn't much mind.

The bustle subsiding, there was no more to do  
Than dismiss the police and the terrified crew ;  
By the time that the whole of the nightcaps retired,  
The best half, at least, of the night had expired.

The result proved most lucky—getting rid of the stew  
It had put Bryan in ; but he very well knew  
The secret (held sacred within his own breast)  
Had not been intrusted to one of the rest.

He now could return to the project in view  
Respecting the vane, which he meant to get through,  
Taking safely for granted time tended to soothe  
All angry passions, and a rough course to smooth.

The effect upon Smouch took time to repair,  
The remains of the fright sticking fast in his hair—  
Each hair from its neighbour stood aloof in array,  
As porcupine's quills, bristling up in affray.

In other respects he was quiet and mild,  
With his temper subdued as that of a child,  
Who, spoilt, whilst at home shows off with its tricks,  
But at school such are cured by rod, cuffs, or kicks.

It was found the detectives could no one accuse,  
So further inquiry was of no further use ;  
And finding the boys all friendly inclined,  
The report " Accidental " was considerate and kind.

This printed report was made known to all  
The friends at a distance and those within call ;  
Letters pass'd to and fro for a month or six weeks,  
Which suited O'Lynn for his stratagem freaks.

Though the lull at the school answer'd Bryan full well,  
Not so with the parish, for no one could tell  
Why the doctor neglected his duty so long ;  
No voice in his favour, they all thought it wrong.

A vestry meeting was call'd, to find out  
The cause that the doctor had not been about  
His parochial duties : they determined to know,  
And to give it importance, in a body to go.

The reception was courteous ; their question was met  
By "Just look at the vane ! I can't go out yet,  
For my enemy still blows full from the east,  
And has blown from that point for six weeks, at least."

All shouted, " Why, doctor, you're surely misled—  
We have had no east wind all the time you have said.  
Your vane must be rusted, or something gone wrong,  
For we've not had an east wind for ever so long."

On the spokesman departing, the doctor express'd  
His deep obligation to him and the rest,  
Requesting the party would say what was kind  
To the rest of his vestry friends they left behind.

With his school (to avoid being set down as an ass)  
He made up his mind not to let the thing pass  
Without some inquiry ; so the captain was told  
To muster the household, both the young and the old.

*Doctor.*

" I've call'd you before me to clear up a doubt  
Respecting the vane, which has caused all this rout.  
Accidental, it may be, I fain would allow ;  
But I wish to learn more from what I've heard now.

The cause of the mischief (so far brought to light,  
As arising, forsooth, from the string of a kite)  
Is a trespass on rules—although it's *no sin*—  
But the string of the kite is traced to O'Lynn.

There's nought to be done at a public school,  
Unless you adhere most strictly to rule ;  
Proof circumstantial 's sufficient for me  
To form a right judgment, and here's my decree.

On the person of Bryan O'Lynn has been found  
Some kite-string, alike that found on the ground ;  
This inferring connivance, there 's nothing left for't  
But to issue my verdict—the sense of the court—

That Bryan O'Lynn an impos should have  
(The slightest of punishment this side of the grave) ;  
He must work in my study, screen'd under my eye—  
To redeem a good name, be attentive and try.

In giving this verdict, allow me to say,  
To check such like conduct admits no delay—  
If taken in time it sets all things right :  
I rely on your good sense, and wish you good night !”

Next morning, poor Bryan was steady at work  
In the study, to show he'd no wish to shirk ;  
The doctor, on seeing the boy had set to,  
Thought well of the project—making sure it would do—

So seated himself in his well-padded chair,  
To compose (as was usual) his next Sunday prayer—  
The chair placed to shut out the view of the green,  
Dead silence prevail'd on each side of the screen,

Which was suddenly broken by a tremendous crash,  
From a basket of bricks breaking in the whole sash !  
“ Lord ha’ mercy ! ” cried Bircham, in his chair falling back,  
“ The chimneys have fallen,—no doubt, the whole stack.  
No, no ! it’s that devil’s imp, Bryan O’Lynn.”

*Bryan.*

“ Here am I, sir ! ”

*Doctor.*

“ Well, well ; I forgot you were in.”

*Bryan.*

“ Well, indeed ! It’s not well. I’m always to blame,  
Let me be where I will, it is always the same.

I’ve not moved an inch, nor out of this been  
Since you placed me yourself on this side the screen ;  
When I’m wrong, correction I’m ready to bear ;  
But to bear blame for others is hardly fair.”

“ Come, come, never mind—you may leave off your task,  
You’ve shown a good will, and that’s all I ask.  
Ring, ring ! let us know what is to be done—  
This sounds like a failure of Whitworth’s new gun.”

The noise from the crash that the lot of bricks made  
Caused alarm through the house, bringing John and the maid  
To the door, when a loud voice was heard from within—

*Doctor.*

“ Fools ! why stand you there ?—why don’t you come in ?

My head 's in a whirl from this terrible fright ;  
I must see my doctor, to know that all 's right ;  
My vision 's affected—he'll most likely cup  
And send me to bed, for I cannot sit up.

It's time for the doctor to call in his round :  
That was surely his ring, and his voice, by the sound.  
Oh ! Bolus, step in—I'll see no other man ;  
You're the man to assist me, if any one can.  
My pulse is now going at a too rapid rate,  
So put on *the drag* before it's too late."

*Doctor Bolus.*

"It's too fast and too full—you must e'en lose some blood,  
And take what I send you, which will do you good.

Fight shy of the shambles, take spoon-meat and slops—  
The muzzle put on, and avoid mutton chops ;  
Persevere in this treatment, there's not the least doubt,  
In a day or two hence you'll be jumping about."

Strict injunctions, by Bolus, were soon carried out,  
To see that the boys in their games made no rout ;  
To render this sure, and allay all his fears,  
He with cotton effectually plugg'd both his ears.

Bryan thought that the best thing now to be done  
Was to see to his pig, that was training to run  
For a mile, against all the boys in the school,  
Or any one else, who subscribed to their rule.



It was voted that Bryan should visit the sty  
Alone, to avoid risk of discovery ;  
So, muffled in great-coat, and pockets profound,  
He unobserved got to the selected ground.

There were pigsties in plenty, but one caught his eye,  
Where the old sow frisk'd merrily with her young fry.  
They all looked so jolly—he walk'd himself in—  
“I'll make one amongst you,” said Bryan O'Lynn.

Much amused with their antics, he laugh'd with delight,  
“Oh, you dear little things, I can't part with you quite ;”  
So he open'd his pockets, popp'd two of them in—  
“Say good-bye to mamma, dears,” said Bryan O'Lynn.

The old sow rush'd at him, had him down in a crack,  
Lying sprawling in mire, and flat on his back.  
“Well, we'll have a fair fight, whoever may win,  
So, St. Patrick for Ireland,” cried Bryan O'Lynn.

The struggle was doubtful, the sow proved a *bore*  
To poor Bryan, whose coat she very soon tore  
Off short by the waist. “Well, I've got a whole skin,  
And a spencer to boot,” cried Bryan O'Lynn.

The sow now tried hard the pigs to let out,  
But O'Lynn's button'd pockets sore puzzled her snout ;  
She snuffled and squeak'd to the young pigs within ;  
“She's abusing my tailor,” thought Bryan O'Lynn.

Whilst routing Lynn's tail, his snuff-box supplies  
A plentiful dose to their snouts and their eyes ;  
The pigs sneezed in concert, without and within—  
" Irish blackguard for ever ! " cried Bryan O'Lynn.

Poor Lynn's dirty tails were of no further use,  
From having encounter'd such swinish abuse ;  
" I'll e'en leave my tail in the mess it's now in,  
I'm better without it," cried Bryan O'Lynn.

Having seen that his racing pet pig was all right,  
He had to insure getting back before night ;  
But as he no longer was dress'd *à la mode*,  
It was right to avoid the gaze of the road.

So a steeple-chase journey, over hedge, ditch, and swamp,  
Made his pig-expedition a regular tramp ;  
This brought him unseen to the school garden wall,  
Which he readily scaled without ladder or fall.

His arrival was greeted with laughter and jokes,  
The fight had so alter'd his dress and his looks—

*Boys.*

" What have you been at ? What a regular Guy !  
Where's the tail of your coat ? "

*Bryan.*

" Oh, that's in the sty !

H

But now let's to business. Old Nodding agrees  
That the race should come off at one, if you please.  
As the pig dines at mid-day, don't start him till one,  
By delaying the hour the faster he'll run."

The orders for feeding were funny enough,  
For the pig had to run the said mile to his trough ;  
The plans *diplomatique* were so well contrived,  
That all was *sub rosd*, till all had arrived.

To muster the boys, Nodding's rattle was sprung,  
And all to start fair when the house-bell was rung :  
Away went the pig, and the whole tribe of boys  
Adding speed to his running by their unearthly noise.

Well train'd to the course, he, of course, took the lead,  
Which he kept, and throughout was always ahead ;  
Not one man or boy but was left far behind :  
No wonder—the poor hungry pig had not dined.

The pig proved triumphant, getting first to the goal,  
And by keeping his course astonish'd the whole ;  
Some, touch'd in the wind, were glad to take breath ;  
Had the race lasted longer, it might have caused death.

Whilst the pig was regaling himself at his feast,  
The boys were preparing to dress up the beast,  
To usher him back in procession with shouts,  
And astonish the natives—the bumpkins and louts.

With flowers and with ribbons of every hue,  
Bows and streamers of white, red, yellow, and blue,  
The pig was bedizen'd, led by Nodding, the watch,  
Who, though the best runner, the pig proved no match.

Then the boys, with white wands, came into display,  
With bells, drums, and trumpets, to make the scene gay ;  
The church-ringers offer'd to ring them a peal,  
Which was voted by all to be mighty genteel.

They were no sooner ready to act on their plan  
(To return, and display Bryan's pig to the van),  
Than a horseman, full tilt, hove in sight, with sad news,  
Which with horror struck all, and alter'd their views.

Dr. Bolus had sent an express, to prevent  
Their return in the boisterous way that they went—  
Soon after they started, poor Bircham was found  
To have dropp'd in a fit quite dead on the ground.

A. R. S.

## CHAPTER VI.

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*Johnnie.* GRANDMAMMA, mamma told me yesterday that the picture of Sir Walter Scott in the Charter-room at Thirlestane was given to her by you, and I should like to know if there is any story you could tell me about the little dark terrier dog which he holds in his arms.

*Gran.* That picture was given by Sir Walter Scott to my sister, the late marchioness of Abercorn, after she became a widow ; and if you wish to know anything connected with the dog, suppose we look for the letter Sir Walter Scott wrote concerning it to my sister, and which your mamma has very tidily arranged in that handsome large book in a velvet case in the library.

*Johnnie.* Oh, let us seek it out instantly, and you shall read about the dog to me, for Sir Walter's handwriting I know is too difficult for me to make out by myself.

*Gran.* Let us see; oh, here is the letter:—

“My dear Friend,—The portrait is advancing by the pencil of a clever artist, and will, I think, be a likeness and a tolerably good picture. I hope to get it sent up before I leave town; at any rate, I will have it finished as far as sittings are concerned. If I look a little sleepy, your kindness must excuse it, as I had to make my attendance on the man of colours between six and seven in the morning.”

There stops the history of the picture in this letter of the 1st of July, 1820. We must look on to another for the rest. Yes! “August 2nd, 1820;” it continues:—

“The picture is embarked for Stratford Place. Please to give orders to have it unpacked, because the painter is afraid that the colours, being so

recently laid on, may sustain injury if excluded from the air.

“The dog which I am represented as holding in my arms is a Highland terrier from Kintail, of a breed very sensible, very faithful, and very ill-natured. It sometimes tires, or pretends to do so, when I am on horseback, and whines to be taken up, when it sits before me, like a child, without any assistance. I have a very large wolf-greyhound, I think the finest dog I ever saw ; but he has *sat* to so many artists, that whenever he sees brushes and a palette, he gets up and leaves the room, being sufficiently tired of the constraint.”

*Johnnie.* What clever dogs ! I like to know any anecdote about Sir Walter Soott, or his dogs. I am very fond of reading his “Grandfather’s Tales,” and he must have been a very nice, kind old gentleman, and very fond of your sister, to give her his picture, when he had to get up so early in the morning to sit for it.

*Gran.* He was indeed, and many a good story he has told me when I was yet but a child.

I will give you Washington Irving's account of a morning passed at Abbotsford, which place, I must tell you, was equally attractive to old and young, the charming host never weary of doing acts of kindness to all who came in his way, whether human beings or the brute creation. Washington Irving says, "As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, 'Maida,' a noble animal; and 'Hamlet,' the black and fleet greyhound, a wild, thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived, evidently, at years of discretion; and 'Finette,' a beautiful setter, with soft, silken hair, long drooping ears, and a mild, gentle eye, the *parlour* favourite. When in front of the house we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks he would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational creatures as well as companions; and indeed there appeared to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived, no doubt, from their close intimacy with



him. Maida behaved himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself as called on to preserve a great degree of dignity and demeanour in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into sportiveness. The old fellow would keep on for a long time with the greatest solemnity, now and then *seeming* to rebuke his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them and tumble him in the dust ; then looking up at us, as much as to say, ' You see, gentlemen, I cannot help indulging those young folks in a bit of play ; ' then resume his gravity and jog on as before. Scott amused himself and delighted in these peculiarities. ' I make no doubt,' he said, ' when Maida is *alone* with these young dogs he throws gravity aside and plays *the boy* as much as any of them, but he is ashamed to do it in our company, and seems to say, " Ha' done wi' your nonsense, youngsters ; what will the laird and that other gentleman think o' me if I give way to such fooleries ? " '

“ Sir Walter Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shame-faced terrier, with large glossy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off, and hide himself from the light of day in a garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of chopping up his victuals with a chopping-knife, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast looks, but would skulk away again if any one looked at him. While we were discussing the humours and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their wrath, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the younger fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to dash forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed *bow-wow*. It was a transient outburst, and the old fellow returned to his master instantly, wagging his tail, uncertain if he would receive praise or blame. ‘Ay, ay! old boy,’ cried Scott, ‘you’ve done wonders; nae doubt ye’ve shaken the Eildon Hills with *your* roaring, and now you may

lay aside *your* artillery for the rest of the day ! ’ ’  
These simple anecdotes may serve to show the delightful cast of Scott’s mind, his humours and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends. Everything about him seemed to rejoice in the beams of his expressive countenance. Lockhart relates the following, regarding those traits in his character :—“ I should have scarce mentioned the death of Camp, the first of not a few dogs whose names will be remembered as long as his master’s writings remain popular. This favourite began to droop, and became incapable of accompanying Scott in his rides ; but he preserved his sagacity and faithfulness to the last. When living at Ashiestiel, while Abbotsford was being built, as the servant was laying the cloth for dinner, he would address the dog lying on the rug at the fire, and say, ‘ Camp, my good fellow, the sheriff’s coming home by the ford, or by the hills ; ’ the sick animal would immediately bestir himself to welcome his master, going out by the back door, or the front, according to the direction given, and advance as far as he was able either towards the ford of the Tweed, or the bridge over the Glenkinnon burn :

he died at length, and was buried, on a fine moon-light night, in the garden of the house in Castle-street, opposite the window Scott usually sat writing at ; all the family stood round his grave shedding tears, and Scott himself smoothed the turf above poor Camp, with the saddest expression of face. He had been engaged to dine out that day, but apologized on account of the death of a dear old friend ; and Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan was not at all surprised that he should have done so, when it came out next day that Camp was no more." When poor Sir Walter Scott's great reverse of fortune came, he wrote as follows, and I think his sentiments are so affecting that you, dear Johnnie, will allow, *he* was to be envied who possessed such a heart :—" Sad hearts are now at Darnick and the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest ? How live a poor indebted man, where once I was the wealthy and honoured ? *I was* to have gone on Saturday there in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish, but the thoughts of parting

from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down :—poor things ! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, *because* it has been mine. I must end those gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I can feel my dogs' feet upon my knees ; I can hear them whining, and seeking me everywhere . . . . . but this is nonsense, though it is what they *would* do, could they know what things have come to pass !"—Poor Sir Walter ! what a warm and tender heart he had ; suffering humanity never appealed to him in vain ; nor did the brute creation want a friend where his mild voice and gentle kindness could give them amusement and pleasure ; few men were ever like him, or more loved, or more regretted.

Another no less remarkable instance of instinct, more nearly approaching to reason, was that shown by a French poodle, called "Chulo," belonging to Mr. Charles Murray. Mr. Murray was then secretary of legation at Naples, and Chulo was so attached to him, and he so attached to Chulo,



Sir Walter Scott in his Study. (see page 108)



that they were quite inseparable. He accompanied his master in all his visits and in all his walks ; he was so sagacious that he not only learnt the names of his friends, and to distinguish the house of each, but also fulfilled the duties of a messenger as perfectly as if he had been endowed with reasoning faculties. Mr. Murray used to tie a basket round his neck, in the inside of which he placed a note addressed to one of his friends, whose name he called out as he opened the door to let Chulo out : with unerring accuracy Chulo threaded his way through the streets with his charge, rushed through the open *porte cochère*, and up the staircase leading to the apartment of the friend of whom he was in quest, and scratched at the door till he had gained admittance. He would never leave the house till the basket had been emptied of its contents, and thus seemed to understand the necessity of " waiting for an answer." Mr. Murray carried on his correspondence with his friends in Naples in this manner during the whole of his stay there. When he was appointed to Egypt, Chulo followed him, and was one day accidentally shot by an Arab when



he was out with his master, who felt his death as much as he might have done that of a relative or a friend.

Here, again, is a story Miss Janet Chetwode sent me on purpose to tell you.

“An old dog of ours, a large white creature of the old Irish wolf-dog breed and of the blood-hound kind, and which we called ‘Blanche,’ was, some sixteen years ago, walking with us children, and, as we were passing a cabin-door, an insolent black cur, called by the Irish a ‘coolie,’ came running after and teasing our big dog very much.

“Blanche would not vouchsafe any notice, not even the curl of her lip, or show her teeth to the troublesome but insignificant little tormentor, until a turn of the road brought us near to a running stream.

“Now Blanche’s time had come to punish the offender, without losing any of her own dignity. As quick as thought she seized the little cur (quite gently though) by the neck, and dropped it quietly into the water ! A lesson which, I make no doubt, the coolie remembered for a many long day, if not to the end of its life.”

I also remember, some fourteen years ago, being greatly charmed with the sagacity of a little white terrier, by name Rex, and which was especially devoted to me, and seemed desirous to carry out my wishes in all possible ways, even when unexpressed to him, as on this occasion, for I should have dreaded his roughness far too much to think of employing him on so delicate a mission.

The object I wished to reach was a poor dying woodquest, which had fallen upon some very thin ice at the end of our lake, but, alas ! beyond my reach. I tried to get it nearer to me with the help of a long branch, but it was hopeless. The ice was too thin to bear me, and the water rather deep, and so full of leaves as to prevent one's wishing, even for the sake of the poor bird, to go through such a slough.

I was on the point of giving up the attempt, when dear little Rex, quite unexpectedly to me, was struck with the bright idea that *he* might be my messenger : so off he started on the ice, breaking even under his small weight, and losing no time, seized the poor invalid in his mouth, and

laid it at my feet. This was the more interesting from his never having been employed about game in any way.

Sir George Beaumont had a French poodle that used to accompany him in his walks, and if he had forgotten the key of the garden, and would exclaim, as if to himself, "Oh dear, how tiresome ! now I have forgotten the garden key, what shall I do ?" Before Sir George had finished speaking, the sensible dog had set off back to the house, and soon brought it in his mouth and presented it to his master, wagging his tail and looking up in his face, as much as to say, "Well, never mind, here it is !"

Another friend of mine had a little dog called "Tom," and when his master said, "Tom, I have only my right glove, go and seek the left one," Tom would set off and fetch it immediately; and in like manner if he wanted his over-shoes, or his pocket-handkerchief, Tom set off, and never returned without the article required.

A friend of mine, who has just returned from Italy, related that, passing through Pistoia, he dined at a trattoria, and presently a cat came

forward, and he gave it a piece of meat. In a moment afterwards came another cat, to which he also gave something; then a third came forward, a fourth, and a fifth, all of the same colour, and to each of them he gave something. My friend then asked the figliola how many cats they had, and she answered, five. A fortnight after, this same person was again passing through Pistoia, and went to the same trattoria, and asked the daughter of the host how her cats were. "Cats?" she replied. "Yes," he said, "your five cats." "How do you know we have five cats?" "Don't you suppose," he said, "we have heard of them in England? Your five cats are very celebrated there, I assure you, and every one is talking of them." Presently he heard her voice in the back-room, telling her friends about "Gatti" and "Inghilterra."

*Gran.* I knew a little white Scotch terrier called "Rose," who was a great pet and lived in the house, sleeping on a sofa in the young ladies' room. Rose was very fond of running off to the stables, where there was a raven. One day the raven had some bones for dinner, and Rosy

thought they looked so nice, that she should like to have some too. She endeavoured to seize one, but in vain, as each time that she got her nose close to the coveted bone, the raven pecked at her and drove her away. At last Rose devised a means of obtaining the bone without being pecked. She went behind the raven and barked ; he turned suddenly round, fancying she intended to bite him. Rose instantly carried off the disputed bone, before Ralph had time to defend his "tit-bit." A few days after, this Rose went into the stable-yard, and, being very thirsty, stood up on her hind legs to drink out of a pail of water, when the raven, watching his opportunity, came gently behind and caught her by the tail and tipped her head-foremost in. Thus he avenged himself for the loss of his favourite morsel, snatched away some days previously.

At your great grandmother's death, a red and green parrot, which had been very much attached to her, was left under my charge ; but as I was going to travel, my friends Sir George and Lady Beaumont offered it an asylum at Cole Orton,

and sent their carriage to convey it in safety. No sooner, however, was the parrot on its road, than it began to scream out "Stop! stop!" so loudly and vehemently, that some passers-by believed the coachman was carrying off some distressed female, and tried to arrest his course. The parrot became a great favourite in Sir George's family, and whenever Sir George said anything droll, the parrot would instantly call out "Capital, Sir George! capital! Ha! ha! ha!" and roll from side to side, as if laughing heartily. Poll's greatest delight, however, was to mock and laugh at Sir George's little boy whenever he cried, and she would do this so provokingly, that it was sometimes almost more than the poor little fellow could stand, for he was scarcely three years old, and therefore rather too young to enter into the joke.

One morning the parrot struck no little terror into the housemaid by calling out loudly, when she entered the drawing-room to open the shutters, "Past eight o'clock! fie! fie! how late." The poor girl rushed screaming from the room, and as Poll's rebuke was just, I hope that the

only result of her fright was to make her rise earlier ever after.

I remember a curious anecdote of a retriever belonging to some friends of mine, who were at that time residing near the sea-coast. In their walks to the shore they were usually accompanied by this retriever, whose name was "Friday," and by a little terrier, whom I will call "Sandy." Friday, who delighted in the water, was only too happy when his master would throw his stick into the sea and send him in quest of it, whilst Sandy, who had no taste for such exploits, and was somewhat daunted by the roaring of the waves, would creep up to his mistress, and, ensconcing himself in the folds of her cloak, as she sat upon the beach, endeavour to forget his fears; no sooner, however, had Friday landed with his well-earned prize, than Sandy, who was uncommonly pugnacious, would dart from his hiding-place and endeavour to wrest the stick from his gallant comrade. This aggression Friday resented with sundry growls and tokens of displeasure, and Sandy, perhaps conscious that discretion was the better part of valour, would

retire from the unequal contest. One day, however, the quarrel assumed a more serious aspect, for Friday having asserted his rights more vigorously than usual, Sandy, forgetful of all prudence, flew at his adversary's throat, and held on so pertinaciously, that my friends began to fear the result; when, to their surprise, Friday suddenly dashed into the sea, Sandy still clinging to him, and remained there till he had completely ducked and more than half-drowned his antagonist, who, too glad to escape further punishment, released his hold and made his way back to the shore, so thoroughly subdued and humbled, that he never again renewed the contest, but ever after left Friday in undisturbed enjoyment of his aquatic feats.

The little white terrier Rose, of whom I have related so many anecdotes, belonged to Friday's master, or, rather, to his master's children, and I have just remembered a very pretty instance of poor little Rose's affectionate sagacity. The two little girls were playing one day in the garden, when remembering a toy that was put away in a closet up stairs, they ran off to fetch it, followed



by Rose ; but in their fear lest she should come in and do any mischief, they closed the door so hastily that they not only shut *her* out, but shut themselves in so effectually that they could not get out again ; they tried, shook the door, but all in vain. “What *shall* we do ?” they exclaimed, when a bright thought struck them : “Rose was so clever,” they would impart their distress to her. “Oh, Rose ! we are shut up here—we cannot get out ! Pray run and call nurse.” In a moment, patter, patter went the little feet down the oak stair-case and across the hall to the garden, and it was not long before a heavier step approached, and in a few moments they were released from their captivity, and heard from their nurse that Rose had rushed up to her as she sat at work on the lawn, pulled her by her dress, whined, and seemed so disturbed and anxious, that, fearing something was amiss, she had returned in all haste to the house, preceded by the faithful little guide, who soon led her to the spot where her presence was required, and when, as before related, she liberated the young prisoners.

There, Johnnie, I am quite exhausted, and must allow you and myself some repose, promising to-morrow to renew my recitals.

## CHAPTER VII.

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*Gran.* I WILL tell you a little tiny story, which my dear old friend, Mr. Douglas Gordon, wrote to me a few days ago, of the sagacity of a pointer which he knew about. He was told to carry *two* hats ; he looked, and attentively considered them ; then putting one inside the other, he carried them without difficulty.

*Johnnie.* Well, grandmamma, I think that is the cleverest story I ever heard ; but though I like it very much, you must please now to give me some account of those curious dogs we used to see in the streets of Constantinople, and that papa was always so afraid of our treading upon, or touching himself, even by accident. They were very ferocious, were they not ?

*Gran.* I thought you would be interested in hearing something about them, so I wrote to my friend Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and he very kindly lent me a paper which I will now read to you, and that will satisfy all your curiosity. Listen attentively, as it will take some little time in reading, and I wish you to be able to tell him that you have attended, and been amused, and instructed, and remember all about it, when you next see him.

*Johnnie.* I will, indeed, grandmamma ; for papa says Sir Gardner is very clever, and has lived in the East for many years, and once inhabited a tomb in Egypt all hung with scarlet cloth.

*Gran.* Yes ; and had tame asps, and other domestic pets. Now for his story.

#### THE EASTERN DOG.

“ Some are of opinion that the particular, or national, dog of each country always bears a strong resemblance to the inhabitants ; that the bull-dog calls to mind the bluff Englishman ; as the poodle, the vivacious Frenchman ; and that wire-haired and other peculiar members of the canine tribe find their counterpart in their respective com-

patriots. But the analogy is not certainly borne out in the East, where both the appearance and habits of the dog are in direct opposition to those of the people ; and the greatest admirer of royalty, who holds in abhorrence a ‘ radical cure,’ and expresses his preference of a ‘ sovereign remedy,’ could not be more distinct in his habits from a republican than are the Turks from the dogs of their country. There, at the very doors of the most absolute rulers of the land, you may observe a thoroughly original republic of dogs ; who, finding themselves no longer ranked or treated as domestic animals, have set up a distinct community of their own, and have declared themselves independent of their human masters. It is no confused or indiscriminate concourse of individuals, who may go and come at their pleasure, without acknowledging fealty to the state ; or who may belong, like men, to two or more clubs, but rather like hostile sects, in which each member is expected to belong to one, and only to one, congregation. The whole town is portioned off by canine law, or by a ‘ *mos pro lege*,’ into separate jurisdictions ; and no dog is permitted to abandon his own,





Cairo Dogs

or transfer allegiance to another state. The rules of each are laid down by a canine committee, with all the precision of human institutions; each member is expected to act for the general welfare of his particular community, as in the most learned and scientific of our societies; and is bound to defend the frontier from all aggression, intrusion, or insult. Woe to him who dares to intrude upon, or violate the frontier of, any of these republics; no mercy is shown him, no quarter given, or expected. He must do it at his peril, and as no invasion takes place of one state by another, so no individual who violates a neighbouring frontier can expect any assistance from his companions while engaged in so nefarious a practice, directly opposed as it is to the spirit of international canine law. But without infringing the rules of his own community, or contravening the oath of canine allegiance and subordination, which binds each dog to his fellows, some one dog, more fond of adventure than the rest, may occasionally stray beyond the frontier, on the plea that it is not desertion, or disregard to the public interests, but rather an excusable frolic (or, as some dogs would



say, 'a lark') ; and, one more restless (or more naughty) than his sleepy fellows, may sometimes trespass upon a neighbouring state (in search of food, or) from idle curiosity, at a time when he knows the vigilance of the hostile community is deadened by sleep. Stealthily and cautiously he is seen creeping along the least frequented alleys of that part of the town, and fortunate it is for him if he passes and returns unobserved. But if by chance one restless sleeper catches sight of the intruder, his only hope is in immediate and rapid flight ; he knows full well that the whole community will be upon him, to cut off his retreat and punish his intrusion ; and to stop to fight against such fearful odds would only entail upon him the certainty of being torn to pieces, without any hope of assistance from his friends on the other side of their well-defined frontier. If, however, he is fortunate enough to escape to this place of safety, the moment he has crossed it he turns round upon his pursuers, who, however hotly they have chased him, instantly check their course at this prescribed limit ; the culprit is backed by the rest of his comrades, who have rushed to the rescue ; he

snarls defiance at his pursuers, who dare make no further attempt to avenge his conduct ; he receives the congratulations, or, if during his escape he has been severely bitten, the condolences of his friends ; and after much barking and many mutual canine maledictions, both parties retire once more to rest.

“ It may be readily imagined into what danger the inexperience of a European dog might lead him if he happened to stray through any of these republican states in a Turkish city ; and a remarkable instance of this is on record at Cairo, where a native boy, having been ordered by his Frank master to take a pointer through one of the streets, was horrified to see on a sudden a whole community of dogs set upon the strange-looking intruder, and commence, as usual, to tear him limb from limb. The boy, intelligent and quick, as the Egyptians generally are, at once perceived his own responsible position, and the impossibility of rescuing the pointer from dismemberment and death ; it was already fast disappearing, like a fox thrown to a pack of hounds ; but, by presence of mind and the presence of a stick, he was able to

seize and carry off a hind leg as his share, by which he proved to his master that he had not sold the valuable animal, and that it had met its untimely death by uncontrollable circumstances, which might serve to convince Europeans of the danger of allowing an uninitiated dog to disregard the customs of the canine tribe in the East. But these prejudices are not confined to strangers of their own species ; they are equally exclusive, intolerant, and narrow-minded in their views towards the human race, and any novelty or strangeness of appearance in men excites the highest feelings of indignation and disgust. The hat and tight costume of the European is to them as odious as to their Moslem compatriots, and the very sight of a Frank rouses the barking propensities of every successive quarter, or republic, of dogs through which he passes. Unknown to attack, or even to growl at, a Moslem, they have a sort of feeling of duty to fly at a tightly-clad Christian, and display as much hatred and intolerance towards him as the most bigoted of the believers in the Prophet, whose prejudices they seem to have imbibed ; and some years ago the

captain of an English merchant-ship, lying at Alexandria, was actually torn to pieces and eaten by the canine rabble of the place. He had been dining with some friends on shore during the festivities of Christmas, and having missed his way on his return towards his boat, he was assailed by a host of hungry dogs, as he wandered through the outskirts of the town, and was soon overpowered by his numerous and relentless assailants.

“ That they should feel a prejudice against man in general, for having cast them off and thwarted their natural inclination to be his companion, is excusable ; but that they should excite themselves to deeds of violence against the innocent European, merely because his hat is ugly and his dress inconveniently tight, is unpardonable, both in the estimation of man, and of all other members of the canine tribe, and no peculiar fashion in his dress could be put forward as a plea for converting him into a repast. But still, some lingering spark of the domestic feeling will occasionally show itself even among these degraded communities, and the word ‘ Kish,’ indicative of prof-

ferred food, will produce a very friendly and tail-wagging feeling towards him who pronounces it. Nor would some dogs refuse the protection of man, or the blandishments in which they naturally delight, if they could find a home under his roof. The experiment, however, of training one of the *pariah* dogs for domestic life is seldom satisfactory or successful; their degraded habits are rarely to be eradicated, and they can never be taught to exhibit the refined qualities expected in the European house-dog. It is to man that the abject condition of the Eastern dog is to be mainly attributed. The unsightly red dog of Egypt was not the outcast in olden times that he now is in Cairo and every Egyptian village; nor in any part of the Turkish dominions was the dog the debased animal we now see at Constantinople, in Syria, and Asia Minor. But what is to be expected when Moslem prejudice considers the contact of a dog unclean; when to touch his nose renders the Moslem defiled, and requires him to undergo religious purification? for even the sect of the Málekis, who are allowed to touch this animal, are subject to the same penance

whenever they come in contact with his nose, or his hide, if by chance it is wet from lying on the ground. No wonder, then, that there is an antipathy between the human and the canine race — a grievance of caste ; and the filthiest beggar, in comparison with whom dogs are neat and cleanly, would consider himself defiled by their touch. A certain allowance, it is true, is made by the Moslems for the more refined and more cleanly habits of European dogs, and the *Kelb Roomee*, or so-called ‘Greek dog,’ is permitted to live in the houses of the rich as a domestic pet. Nor have the Arabs of the desert the same prejudice as the townspeople of Egypt, and they allow their hunting dogs to enter their tents, and live in close proximity to themselves and their families ; thus giving them that position for which, from their habits, they are particularly adapted.

“The Turks in Asia Minor have also their hunting-dogs, which are treated with more respect than the *pariahs* of the towns ; and this custom led to a curious illustration of Turkish feelings towards Europeans, during one of the visits of

Sir Charles Fellows and his companions to Syria. They had been very well received by the people of the country; and as their acquaintance became more intimate, curiosity led them to ask the Turks, who every now and then passed by, accompanied by numerous dogs, for what object they took them so often in the same direction. The answer was, that they went to chase wild boars, on which they fed their dogs. The Europeans, hearing of wild boars in the neighbourhood, requested their Turkish friends to catch one also for them, which they consented to do; but when told, in answer to their question, what they could possibly want a wild boar for when they had no dogs, that they intended to eat its flesh, the Turks were horrified at the habits of a people who would eat the unclean animal, fit only, according to their notions, to be food for dogs.

“This disclosure so alienated the good-will of the Turks, that from that time their friendly feelings gave place to unmitigated disgust at the odious habits of the European strangers.

“The most despised of dogs has at least this advantage in a Turkish country, that while subject

to every species of indignity and contempt, he is protected from absolute violence and ill-treatment by the natural humanity of the people towards animals; for they are always mindful of their wants, and, besides the fragments of food they give them at their repasts, carefully furnish them with water, which is poured into small stone cisterns, placed at intervals in the streets, for their express use. Oriental fancy has also done them moral justice in a story of the supposed gratitude which dogs will display in a future state, where, on being asked how they had been treated by man while on earth, they will acknowledge, and even magnify, the benefits they have received from him; while the ungrateful cats, indulged as they are by the Moslems, and frequently with inconvenient partiality, will, in answer to a similar question, make light of the obligations they owe to man, and deny, rather than bear witness to, his kindness. Cats, indeed, are allowed to take great liberties with their masters; and with their usual propensity to encroach on kindness, sometimes mount on his shoulders as he sits at table, and even help them-



selves from some inviting dish, as if they had inherited the privileges accorded to their race by the superstitious rites of ancient Egypt.

“It must be admitted that the Moslems, and, above all, the Turks, are remarkable for their indulgence towards animals. They consider that when birds—and particularly doves and cranes—build their nests on a house, they are the harbingers of good fortune to its inmates. Doves are permitted to build in the very rooms where they sleep ; and you may see them sitting on their eggs unmolested upon a shelf in a police court, or other public or private room. Nor does the crane enjoy fewer privileges than in the fish-market of a Dutch town, or in ancient Thessaly, where it was a capital crime to injure or destroy it : showing that the nursery-rhymes of Hungarian children sacrifice truth when they say—

“ ‘Stork, stork, stork !  
Stork with the bloody foot !  
Turkish boy hath torn it,  
Hungarian boy shall heal it,  
With trumpet and with drum !’

“The utility of this bird in destroying snakes and other noxious reptiles might account for the origin of this predilection, as in the case of the Ibis in ancient Egypt ; but the kindness of the Turks to animals does not limit itself to such as confer a benefit on man ; and so accustomed are the gulls and porpoises to be undisturbed at the Golden Horn at Constantinople, that they will scarcely move out of the way of the oars of the passing *caïque*, expecting the boatman to spare them that trouble, and sacrifice his own to their convenience. A little of this kindly feeling towards animals might be imitated with advantage by the less considerate European, whom a sort of instinct from boyhood teaches to pursue and kill for the mere sake of destroying animals, without even the excuse of indulging in the excitement of the chase. It does not, however, follow, from his treatment of animals, that the Turk is really of a more humane disposition than the European, and the contrary is notoriously evident from the history of his race ; and in him we may observe one of the many anomalies of the human character. The Turk is a savage to his fellow-man : vindic-

tive, unfeeling, of studied as well as of impetuous and impulsive cruelty; overbearing and remorseless, especially when spoilt by the possession of that dangerous tempter, power; while the European is for the most part generous in success, humane, and moderate, and rarely relentless or guilty of torturing his captives; except during religious persecutions, when bigoted priests, who have preached charity and Christian forbearance, are the first to act in direct opposition to their professions and the tenets of their religion; and it may appear inconsistent that the Turk, who impales, quarters, or flays men alive, should be so indulgent to the brute creation, and so devoted to his children, did we not know that even the most tender-hearted are often guilty of great cruelty, and that tenderness and real humanity are distinct qualities.

“In no country has the treatment of the dog been so much altered as in Egypt. In old times, though less esteemed than the highly-venerated cat, he was looked upon with great regard by the Egyptians; he was mummified after death, and buried with superstitious honours. A city received

its name (Cynopolis) from the dog; and Anubis was the patron and friend of the dog, as well as of the wolf and jackal, whose head he bore in the sculptures of the ancient temples. It was an object with the Egyptians to possess dogs of great value and of particular breeds; and hounds for the chase were highly prized, and imported from Ethiopia and other countries; pets for the house were also sought with the eagerness of dog-fanciers; and, as in our own country, those of some remarkable kind were fashionable in certain periods. As a particular spaniel came into fashion under Charles II., so a peculiar breed of dog was the companion of an Egyptian grandee in the time of Cheops, and other pyramid-building Pharaohs. He was a sort of *spitz*, with a pointed nose and well-curled tail, but with shorter hair than our modern *spitz*, or that of the Greek Anacreon, and he wore a collar according to the fashion of the day. At a later age, about 100 years after Cheops, caprice had introduced a strange taste in dogs; and though the same *spitz* continued to be kept, the admiration of fashionable people was bestowed on one of turnspit make and colour, which ac-

accompanied the court favourites of the Orsitasen kings, and was often tied beneath the chair of a lady of that day. As in modern times, ugliness appears to have been a high recommendation in dogs: the more frightful, the more they were admired; but when we consider that in those days dwarfs and deformed persons were among the attendants of men of rank in Egypt, we cease to wonder at the depravity of their taste in the selection of their canine associates.

“The varieties continued to be numerous in succeeding reigns; but it must be admitted that the attention of the sensible part of the community was more particularly directed towards hounds for the chase, than to pets of fashionable ugliness; and the Assyrian, as we learn from the sculptures of Nineveh, and from the small images of favourite hounds found in Assyria, set an equal, and perhaps a greater, value on large sporting dogs, fit to cope with lions and other wild beasts, and their names inscribed upon their collars in uniform characters showed the estimation in which they were held by their owners, and the importance of their services in the field.

“How fallen from that high position is the dog of the present day among the Moslems of the East! How inferior, even in canine qualities, are the degenerate descendants of the ancient stock! Compared to those of modern Europe, the *pariah* dog of the Turkish town is powerless for good, cowardly, and only capable of sustaining a fight by overwhelming numbers; and the havoc which a body of European dogs would commit upon these abject creatures, however numerous, was once exemplified by the presence of a bull-dog at Cairo, which, while following an Englishman through the streets, was assailed by a host of large barking curs; when, seizing one by the leg, it threw it into a neighbouring well, bit off the ear of another assailant, and mangled others in so rapid and extraordinary a manner, that the people refused all belief in its canine nature, and came to the conclusion that it was a species of small lion, stunted in growth by the cold climate of the latitude in which it happened to be born.

“These dogs, however, with all their inferior qualities, are a great boon to the people of Cairo

and other eastern towns. The quantity of offal and carcases, which the neglect of the inhabitants allow to remain in the streets and upon the mounds without the walls, would breed a pestilence were it not for the presence of these hungry creatures ; and though the people do not look upon them with any degree of veneration, as the old Egyptians did on those animals which cleansed the land of any impurities, they allow that they are useful in their generation ; and, despite their prejudices against the unclean dog, the Moslems admit his utility, and wantonly to kill one is always thought to bring down some heavenly retribution on the inexcusable offender."

*Johnnie.* Dear grandmamma, I am delighted with that story of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's. Has he sent you any more ? If so, pray tell me, as I could listen all day to them, without being tired.

*Gran.* I am so glad you appreciate my friend's stories, for they are really instructive as well as entertaining ; and in the hope you would like them, he has fortunately sent me another story

about Cats, which were once worshipped in Egypt.  
He heads it

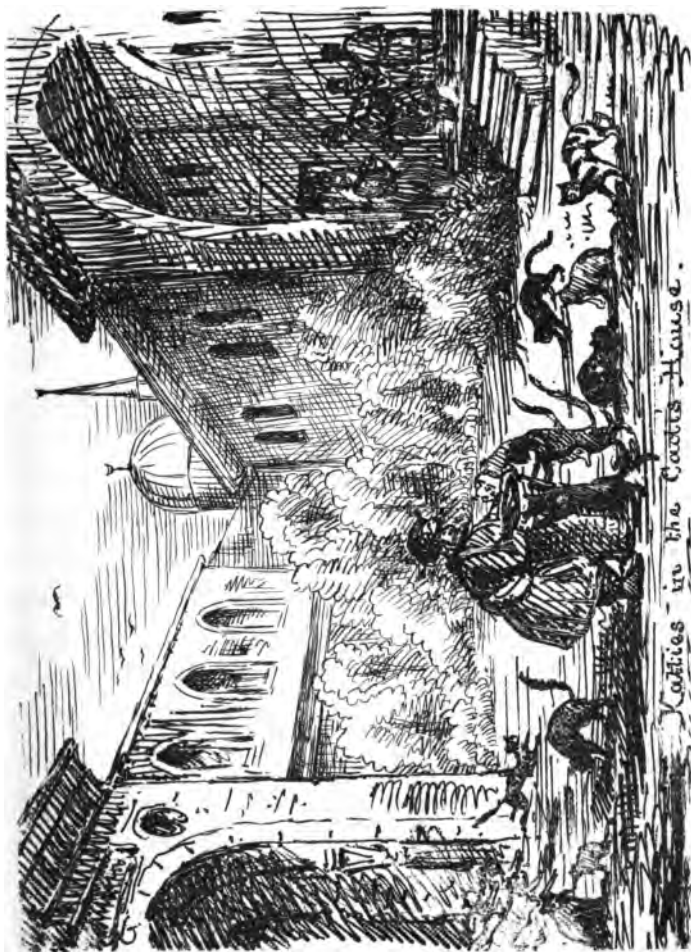
“THE EGYPTIAN CAT,”

and thus begins :—

“The Cádi is a personage of the greatest importance in the East. He is the head of the law; possessing at once the authority of our Lord Chancellor, and ruling every other court. We must allow that a Lord Chancellor is not very likely to be connected with cats; and it may also be reasonably asked, what can a Cádi have to do with them? For though the two names are not very dissimilar, and Cádi and caddi (a ‘cat’) bear a still stronger resemblance in Turkish, it cannot be supposed that they have any closer connection. But if the Cádi and the Cádi’s court have not, yet the Cádi’s court-yard, in Cairo at least, has much that bears on the condition of cats; and this spacious area appears, at a particular hour of the day, as if it actually belonged to the feline race. Every afternoon, at the *asser*, or halfway between mid-day and sunset, the crowds of lawyers who frequent it give place to hundreds of



cats, which descend from the adjoining houses and the whole neighbourhood of the *méhkemeh*, or Cádi's court, and seem to possess vested rights in that particular spot. For half an hour before the *asser* they may be seen congregating on the adjoining house-tops, terraces, and walls, which command a view of the court-yard; and there they sit in anxious silence till the cry of the *moëddun* has announced the time of afternoon prayer; when, on the appearance of a mysterious-looking individual, cats of every size and colour rush down, as if to welcome his arrival. They fight, scratch, and hustle each other with the jealousy of rivals; and woe to the small or infirm grimalkin who shall be imprudent enough to jump down into this arena between two more powerful competitors. The cause of all this excitement, however surprising to a passing stranger, is readily explained as soon as the mysterious individual commences his daily duty; and the distribution of a quantity of cats'-meat, cut up to a suitable size and thrown upon the ground, is the signal for a general scramble. You at once perceive the difference between the old stagers and





the new comers, or the weaker and the less artful of the competitors : one pounces on two or three portions at once ; the next, though half-choked by a hurried attempt to swallow too large a piece, darts at another lying within its reach ; a third drives away a smaller intruder, and seizes the prize it had hoped to secure ; while a fourth, more active than its stronger adversary, escapes with a piece in its mouth, and rushes from the scene to eat it at leisure on a distant wall. This last stroke of good fortune, or of dexterity, is, in fact, all that the young and powerless can expect ; and one fragment suddenly carried off from the midst of the fray may be considered an ample recompense for the efforts of a juvenile cat at the commencement of its career. It may hope for greater success as time advances, and its strength and experience increase, and cats, like dogs, will have their day.

“ It is not from any affection for his near namesake on the part of the Cádi that this charitable provision is secured to the feline community ; some tenderhearted individuals have long ago left funds for the purpose, and the cats, in the

capacity of wards in Chancery, enjoy the proceeds of the property held in trust for them by the great legal functionary. Nor is the privilege limited to cats descended from those which belonged to the charitable originators of the bequests; there is no necessity to prove a family claim to it, as in the case of Oxford and Cambridge fellowships granted in right of 'founder's kin;' all is here open competition, on the enlightened principles lately introduced at our universities; and even the cat of a Christian, or any rival sectarian, is admitted to equal privileges with the *protégés* of a Moslem. Any Cairene householder may send one, or two, or a whole basketful of cats, to enjoy the advantages of this liberal institution; and these orphans have only to depend on their own strength, or talents, for their success in the participation of the benefits bequeathed to the whole feline community, and few who have once partaken of them are disposed to abandon the chance of their improving prospects.

"In the midst of all this animal enjoyment, the only individuals who excite commiseration are the

unfortunate owners of houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the great dignitary of the law. They are, as may be readily imagined, completely overrun by cats ; and the only remedy left them is to send an occasional basketful (if they can succeed in catching them) to the *Bazar* of the *Khan Khalil*, where a similar fund, left by some benign old lady, is expended in the same charitable way for their support ; and the *Khan* of the coppersmiths in that quarter is in like manner beset by hosts of hungry cats, fed (most fortunately) at the same hour, and with the same results.

“ The cat is a favoured animal in the East ; and *biss* (or puss) is even allowed to eat off the same dish with the most punctilious and sanctimonious Moslem, unless she has been found in the very act of eating a scorpion, or other ‘ infidel reptile,’ when she is subjected to a temporary state of purification. Such a feat does not, indeed, blemish her character, nor render her individually odious to her master ; on the contrary, she is looked upon with respect for having performed so useful a duty, which was at all times deemed a

virtue, and one of the accomplishments of an Egyptian cat; and a short period of quarantine restores to her the enjoyment of her previous privileges.

“It is curious to see how adroitly *biss* performs this difficult feat. For, though an inexperienced cat is generally stung on her first attempt, prudence and feline cunning render her more wary on the next occasion; and cleverly striking the scorpion under its side with her claw, she throws it over on its back, when she suddenly tears off its tail, the scorpion in that position being unable to use it for inflicting a wound.

“It sometimes happens that, from curiosity or caprice, a tame ichneumon is kept in a Cairene house, and from that time all the comfort and peace of mind of its feline companions are observed to vanish. Like Othello, their ‘occupation’s gone,’ for the ichneumon is a better mouser, and being far too strong for puss, soon drives her out of the house, even if it does not take her place in the affections of her master and his whole family. But it is generally so confirmed a thief that no food is safe from its depredations,

and every egg is quickly discovered and pounced upon with ichneumonous voracity. It is not, therefore, a general favourite; the interests of the feline race are seldom seriously compromised by this rival slayer of mice, and cats still continue to increase in favour and in numbers throughout the land of Egypt.

“In appearance the Egyptian cat is very similar to our own, both in size and colour, and one, called the *tábáu*, has probably transferred its name to our *tabby*; the Arabic appellation *tábáu*, ‘snake,’ being applied to it (as to any striped object) from its supposed resemblance to the striped skin of some of those reptiles. In its general habits, too, puss is much the same all over the world; but the Egyptian is certainly more attached to persons than our English cat, and some have even been taken on a journey in the desert without deserting their masters, though scantily provided with food; and a remarkable instance of forethought for its own preservation was given by one which had been obliged to live there for months on lizards or other very unsatisfactory food, and which on accidentally ob-



taining a greater quantity of meat than it could eat at once, buried the remainder in the earth for the next day : an effort of instinct which, though common in dogs, is unusual, and perhaps unknown, in the feline species."

My white Persian cat which Mrs. Burr gave to me, used to kill rabbits and hide them behind the books in the library, to eat at her leisure, till we found her out, took the rabbit away, and gave poor "Mish" a scolding.

*Johnnie.* I recollect her well, with her pretty bushy white tail, and am very sorry she is dead. Thank you, grandmamma ; I should like to hear a story of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's every day, so write and ask him to send you some more, when he has spare time to write them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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*Gran.* DEAR Johnnie, as I know your brother Willie and you are much attached to Mr. and Mrs. Cowley Powles, you will like to know a little anecdote Mrs. Powles wrote to me about a pet cat which they had, and were very fond of. She says :—

“ I wish I could have shown you my little grey Maltese cat, Mimma ; she was quite wise enough to be put in a book, but alas ! she died some time ago. We were absurdly fond of her, and she loved and trusted us as a dog would have done. She came when she was called, she walked with us in the garden and fields just like a dog, and the first time we went away and left her at home, she refused food, and nearly killed herself. Happily, we

did a very unusual thing, and returned after a few days' absence, instead of being away all the holidays, and thus were in time to save her life. After that she seemed to discover that our absences were periodical ; never starved herself again, but was only very angry about it, and generally absented herself altogether on the last day at home. As soon as she saw the house being got ready for our return, she took every opportunity of slipping out at the front door (where she never went at any other time), and used to trot up and down in front of the houses, sometimes following people to find out if they were us ; and when we really did arrive, her joy was unbounded. After purring over us and coaxing us for some time, she used to go and search for an unlucky mouse, which she generally tormented in our honour till I was able to get her poor plaything away from her, and consign it to a more merciful death. She must have had a little preserve of mice somewhere, for she never failed to produce one in honour of the occasion."

*Johnnie.* I think this Maltese cat must have been dead before we went to Mr. Powles', or we

should have known about her, and liked her for her cleverness and sagacity.

*Gran.* I am now going to tell you some stories which were told me by my friend Mr. R. R. Tighe. "A horse belonging to Mr. R. Tighe, of Mechan, in the county of Wexford, was left by the servant standing at the door of a public-house. Impatient at being left there, it returned home; and on finding the stable-yard closed, he proceeded round to the front of the house, mounted several steps to the hall door, and knocked at it. He was a remarkably fine horse, and was named 'Noble.' The same gentleman had a spaniel, which for some years formed one of the party in an open carriage when drawn by this horse. Age, however, at length made him troublesome on a journey. One day he was told to go back when attempting to take his usual place at the feet of Mrs. Tighe. He looked distressed, returned to the drawing-room, and died upon the hearth-rug. Being fond of dogs, she always had one. The last favourite was constantly with her during her own last illness, and on losing her mistress, retired from the bedroom to the kitchen and died

there in a short time, having declined to remain up-stairs with any of the family. This same Mr. R. Tighe took a spaniel inside a close carriage from Rossana, in the county of Wicklow, through that of Wexford, to Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, the dog not having been out of the carriage during the long day's journey, except when changing horses, and the road being an indirect one, or cross-road, with rivers intervening. The dog was put into a stable and kept there for some days. On being released from his confinement he disappeared, and in a very short time returned to Rossana by himself. Mr. Robert Tighe, son of the above, having made arrangements to go abroad, his house was placed in the care of a stranger, with whom he left his little spaniel, which generally walked out with him, but when not taken, habitually sat on the staircase in the hall, watching for his master's return. Having waited for some days in patience, without seeing any one except the man in charge of the house, he heard the door-bell ring one morning, and rushing down to it fell dead, apparently broken-hearted and disappointed at not finding his master. He

was young and healthy, so this sudden death could only be attributed to grief.

Mr. R. R. Tighe also told me the following story, which is quite true. The steward of the Hon. David Plunkett, of Aasleagh Lodge, county of Galway, took some sheep to Dublin, chiefly by railway ; he had a Scotch dog, which was lost in the Smithfield market, and his master remained in the city for several days in the hope of recovering him, but without success ; he returned home and reported his loss, which grieved the family greatly, the dog being such a favourite, from his remarkable sagacity. After many days had passed he entered the kitchen, much emaciated, and suffering sadly from sore feet. It was supposed he had spent his time travelling round the north coast of Ireland in search of his home, which was situated on Killery Bay, off the west coast.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson told me a story for you last night, which he knew to be a fact. It occurred whilst he was in Italy, to a Russian gentleman who was travelling with his servant in that country. I dare say, dear Johnnie, you have often heard of the bad repute Italy has long had regarding the danger

from the banditti ; some of the roads through the mountain-passes were most unsafe ; and one constantly heard of adventures occurring to various friends. This Russian gentleman, arriving one cold rainy evening at a small road-side inn, in the Apennines, and not being able to get horses, was obliged to content himself with the miserable accommodation it afforded. The landlady came out to welcome him, decked in rings and jewels—a contrast, as he thought, to the dirty, uncared-for house. He was a good deal surprised to hear his hostess order one of the servants to go to the house of the curé, to request the loan of some sheets for the stranger's beds. Many little incidents occurred to render the traveller suspicious. The gentleman had with him a fine Russian hound, which he never separated from, and never permitted to sleep out of his room. After a supper quite in keeping with the appearance of the inn, he was shown up to his bedroom ; he ordered the servant to accompany him, and his dog followed. This enraged the hostess, who made great demonstrations of wrath, and declared she would not permit her rooms to be dirtied by a

dog's presence. Her rage confirmed the traveller in his determination not to allow the dog to leave him. Madame stormed in vain, and at length was obliged to yield. After she was gone, the gentleman by signs, for he would not speak out, made his servant to understand he wished him to take out the pistols. Over the chimney-piece there was a very large mirror. The hound soon became very uneasy, whined, walked up and down, keeping his eyes fixed on the mirror; the gentleman looked at the mirror but could detect nothing; he coaxed and by every method endeavoured to quiet his dog and direct his attention from the spot, but all was in vain. He then stooped down and brought his eyes on a level with those of the dog, when he immediately discovered a space under the frame of the glass and saw figures standing behind. For the moment he knew not how to act. He did not think that the persons concealed had seen him looking under the frame. So he began a conversation with his servant, telling him he had all his life been a great wanderer, and had had a great many strange adventures; and kept walking up and



down the room, stopping from time to time before the mirror. He continued telling stories of different encounters with robbers, his pistols in his hands loaded and cocked, those of the servant being also prepared, so the two were pretty strongly armed. During one of these recitals he, laughing at his own stories and seemingly very merry, again stopped before the mirror, and said to his servant, "When I was at such and such a place, my fellow-traveller and I were standing before a door as I may be now before this looking-glass, when I fired off my pistols thus, and he did the same ;" and suiting the action to the word, he actually fired at the large glass, which came rattling down, shivered to atoms, at his feet, the great chasm revealing five men, two of whom his balls had killed ; the servant instantly fired, and two more fell, leaving one unhurt. They were so taken by surprise at this unexpected attack and discovery that they had no time to retreat. The remaining man, seeing pistols in the hands of master and servant, stood terrified ; the traveller ordered him to come out of his hiding-place ; he did so, and at the command



*An adventure in Italy.*



given laid down his weapons on the table. The Russian gentleman took up one and his servant the other, and, pointing them at the man's breast, told him, that *now* he was at their mercy, so he confessed that the house was a resort of banditti, and that the curé of the parish was in league with them, and the signal given to him that assistance was wanted was sending for sheets, when he invariably sent ruffians who feared nothing. He told him that they murdered all who fell into their hands, all carriages were burnt, and the bodies of the victims were buried in a great pit. Search was made for these bodies, and the truth discovered. The surviving robber, with the other inhabitants of the inn, were taken to Florence, and there tried and condemned, at which place Sir Gardner heard all the particulars, soon after it took place ; and this story is another illustration of the sagacity of the dog, as most certainly it was by his means this Russian gentleman and his servant were saved from the violent death intended for them.

*Johnnie.* That *is* indeed a most interesting

story, grandmamma; I hope you have another one to tell me.

*Gran.* I do not just at this moment remember any more anecdotes of dogs, but I think I can amuse you with a little story of a goose.

*Johnnie.* Oh, I should like to hear that, for I thought geese were such stupid creatures.

*Gran.* I will read you the anecdote as I received it.

“About six or seven years ago, when residing at Glenbervie in Stirlingshire, I observed almost daily a flock of geese diverting themselves in the little pond beside our house, amongst which was a large and beautiful gander, which was at all times very hostile to me, and would not, in fact, allow any one to come near him. On one occasion when sitting at the window sewing, I noticed the young geese along with the gander and goose in the stack-yard, and after a little my attention was called to the gander, which set up suddenly a loud clamour, flying backwards and forwards in the direction of the house. This was repeated twice, and the last time I thought he would have broken the windows, and, although somewhat

afraid of him, I resolved to ascertain what might be the cause of this disturbance. On reaching the place where the other geese were (the gander all this time going with me, and showing no symptoms of dislike), I discovered one of the young geese struggling below a ladder, in which both its feet had got entangled ; on relieving the poor bird, the gander ceased his din, and ever after when having occasion to be in the poultry-yard, the gander, instead of running after me, as was his former practice, acknowledged me as a friend, and strutted by my side quite familiarly."

*Johnnie.* I will never again call geese "stupid," for this gander was a very clever creature, and he was also very grateful ; but I hope, dear grannie, you are not going to leave off story telling ?

*Gran.* I will tell you how the Desmond Fitzgeralds derived their crest of a "monkey," from the following tradition, and then you must ask me for no more to-day :—

"Thomas Fitzmaurice was only nine months old when his father and grandfather fell at the battle of Cullum. He was then residing with his nurse at Tralee, and his attendants, rushing out at the

first astonishment excited by the intelligence, left the child alone in its cradle, when a baboon kept in the family took him up and carried him to the top of the steeple of the neighbouring abbey, whence, after conveying him around the battlements and exhibiting him to the appalled spectators, he brought the infant safely back to its cradle.\*

One more little story of a dog, told me by my friend Mrs. Money, *née* De Bourbell, and I have done for to-day, dear. This dog was a pet spaniel (belonging to her sister), of which she was very fond. It was remarkably intelligent, and really looked at times as if it understood what was being said. This little dog used to sleep at the foot of his mistress's bed, and in the morning the lady (being a very methodical person) used to ring her bell always at a certain hour, and when the housemaid came in, the dog followed her out of the room. One day, however, the lady was reading, and so much interested in her book that she neg-

\* *Vide* Sir B. Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families and other Essays," page 352. Published by Longman and Co. 1860. Fourth Edition.

lected ringing her bell at the usual hour. The dog waited some time patiently, in hopes his lady would recollect to ring ; he jumped about, ran to the door, scratched and whined, but still his mistress was so interested in her book she paid no attention to any of his demonstrations : at length he could bear it no longer, so he sprung up on her bed, took the bell-rope in his mouth, and put it into the lady's hand. Was not that, dear Johnnie, a wonderful proof of instinct, *or* reason ? At the time I heard this I was told another canine anecdote of a spaniel, who, when he heard his master's knock at the front door, ran up stairs for his slippers ; finding he had to go *twice*, he was SEEN one day trying to put one in the other, so as to bring them both at one time ; in this he succeeded, and always afterwards carried them in the same fashion.

And now, Johnnie, would you not like to learn a paraphrase, written by our dear friend Mr. Stirling. It is very beautiful, and has not been printed for the public ; but your uncle Henry knows the whole volume by heart, and delights in repeating them ; so that you, I am sure, will find great pleasure in committing them to memory, and



repeating them to yourself when pacing the quarter-deck on your night-watches, especially if you inherit any of your grandfather's talent and love for poetic effusions.

### THE ASSYRIAN.

*Ezekiel. xxxi.*

Like a cedar on the mountain  
Stood the Assyrian proud ;  
Full long and fair his branches were,  
Far-shadowing was his shroud.  
And tow'ring o'er the forest  
And its giants every one,  
From forth thick boughs his stately head  
Shot upwards to the sun.  
For of the deep he drank his fill,  
And many a bounteous river  
Refresh'd his roots, with rivulets  
Of pleasant murmur, ever.  
Came birds at eve in clouds from heaven,  
To lodge his boughs among ;  
Secure the wild beast whelp'd beneath,  
And rear'd her savage young.  
So great and fair he flourish'd there :  
No comely cedar-tree,  
In all the gardens of the Lord,  
Was beautiful as he.

Not the rich chestnut in the dale,  
Nor pine upon the height,  
Could match the arms he waved abroad  
In majesty and might ;  
He stood the envy and the pride  
Of Eden's greenwood glade,  
And mighty nations dwelt within  
The covert of his shade.

## II.

But God look'd down from heaven and spake ;  
Hear ye the words He said :  
Because he hath exalted so  
The glory of his head,  
And for his heart uplifted,  
And the wrongs that he hath done,  
I give him to the heathen,  
Unto their mighty one ;  
To the terrible of nations,  
And the alien, is he given ;  
Fell'd shall his waving honours be,  
His beauty rent and riven ;  
His arms of pride, that spread so wide,  
And battled with the gale,  
All scatter'd on the mountain's side,  
And strew'd along the vale.  
The rivers erst that slaked his thirst,  
Shall sweep his spoils away ;

And all that boasted in his strength,  
Shall flee at his dismay.

The beasts that loved his shadow  
On his haughty crest shall browse,  
And birds around his ruin wheel,  
That nestled in his boughs ;

On the mountain shall be mourning,  
And drooping sorrow seize

The choice and best of Lebanon,  
Fair Eden's goodly trees.

And the nations shall be shaken,  
And shall tremble at the fall

Of him that was the greatest  
And the proudest of them all.

W. S.

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## CHAPTER IX.

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*Gran.* COME, Johnnie, sit down by me, and let us have some conversation. Your lessons occupy so much time now, that I see but little of you.

*Johnnie.* I thank you, grandmamma. I long to hear one of your very amusing stories about animals; only it must not be too funny a one, for I have not yet got over the fits of laughing Mark just now put me into.

*Gran.* What was the cause, Johnnie?

*Johnnie.* Oh, he was taking off one or two people, and you know he is such an excellent mimic that he can even make himself *look* like the person he imitates.

*Gran.* I quite agree with you, Johnnie, in think-

ing a good mimic very amusing, but still I cannot approve of its being done.

*Johnnie.* Why not, grandmamma ?

*Gran.* It is not doing as one would be done by.

*Johnnie.* I don't think *I* should mind it in the least, grandmamma.

*Gran.* It seems to me, that you would dislike being mimicked as much if not more than many people, for I have remarked you cannot take a joke, and have a great fear of being thought ridiculous ; so, if by chance you caught somebody mimicking anything you do or say, that person would not henceforth be in your good graces.

*Johnnie.* Well, I believe what you say is true, grandmamma, and I shall try not to mind being laughed at another time ; so now will you tell me something ?

*Gran.* Talking of imitation reminds me of a story that was told me of a parrot, and the absurd manner it learned to talk, which, after all, can only be mimicry, as birds have not reason as we have.

*Johnnie.* It is difficult, though, to believe that

they do not understand what they say sometimes, grandmamma, is it not ?

*Gran.* Indeed it is, for they apply so well the things they have learned to repeat, that it seems as if they thoroughly understood the meaning of words. The story I am going to tell you would almost prove that this really is the case. The bishop of Durham had a favourite parrot, who had learned to mimic his master's friends. One day a curate came to see the bishop, and was shown into the library. On going into the room, which was empty, the curate, whose head was probably full of some important business, sat down in the first chair that presented itself, not remarking this was the largest and most comfortable one in the room.

*Johnnie.* The bishop's chair that he always sat in, I suppose, grandmamma ?

*Gran.* Exactly, Johnny. Our friend the curate was not likely to remain there very long, however, for all at once a voice, just like the bishop's, was heard to say in a loud tone, " Get out of that, you dirty rascal,"—immediately after, the same voice changed its harsh note to a more gentle one, and

greeted the visitor with these words, "Good-morrow, doctor, what's the news?" You may imagine the curate's surprise, for the parrot happened to be in a dark corner of the room, and he could not, therefore, discover who the speaker was.

*Johnnie.* I fancy I see him, grandmamma, jumping out of the chair and looking so startled.

*Gran.* At this moment the bishop entered the room, and the mystery was cleared up, but not without much laughter on both sides ; for the bishop was as much amused at the astonished and half-frightened expression of his friend's face, as the curate was on discovering the clever little creature that had reproved him so unceremoniously.

*Johnnie.* What a capital parrot ! Do you know anything more about him, grandmamma ?

*Gran.* Only this, Johnnie. The bishop, who, it seems, was very fond of this description of bird, bought a very handsome cockatoo, and had it sent home. Our friend, the parrot, who was of a sober grey colour, and had no feathered companions, probably did not know there existed such bright, gay-looking creatures as this bril-

liant cockatoo. Most amusing was it, therefore, to see Polly's behaviour towards his new acquaintance. He strutted up and down, gazing at him with evident admiration, and addressing him each time he passed by. After this had gone on for several minutes, and he had exhausted all he could say, without eliciting any reply, he walked off to his perch in great disgust, soliloquizing thus :—" You are a stupid bird ; you have no conversation ! "

*Johnnie.* That really is entertaining. I should like to have such a parrot, very much. Are you certain you cannot squeeze out of your memory something more about him, grandmamma ?

*Gran.* I am afraid I know nothing more, Johnnie, about this parrot ; but I heard of another which lived in the same room as a piping bullfinch, and whenever Bully had finished his difficult song, the parrot invariably came out with " Well done, Bully—at it again ! "

*Johnnie.* I thought I heard you say one day something about a story you had read in a magazine, of a parrot. Can you remember and tell it me, grandmamma ?



*Gran.* I think I can, but should not have thought of it at the moment, unless you had reminded me. A certain family, whose name I do not know, nor where they lived, had a parrot, which was usually kept in the dining-room, where the family prayers used to be read. The talkative bird was always removed, however, at such times, for fear of any interruptions from him. One day, Polly was forgotten altogether, and remained unnoticed in his customary place : so being determined to lose no opportunity of making his presence known, he uttered a very loud "amen" at the same moment as all those assembled. Upon this unexpected occurrence the butler was ordered to take him out of the room ; and the parrot, not at all approving of this proceeding, which he had by his imprudence brought upon himself, ejaculated, "Sorry I spoke."

I have one more anecdote to give you of the very amusing parrot which I said so much about a few days ago. He is a small grey parrot, from Mauritius, and has for many years past been the constant companion of his widowed mistress. She had once a nephew living with her, who had a

dog, named Brutus, an ugly cur, who, after his young master's departure to Australia, became so fierce and disagreeable, that he was doomed to be shot, as no one cared to keep him. More than a year afterwards, as the lady was seated quietly at her writing-table one morning, and Polly in his cage was placed near the window, and amusing himself by watching any passers-by, he suddenly exclaimed, as a man walked through the courtyard of the old castle, "Who's that—who's that?" which question he repeated until his mistress satisfied his curiosity, by replying, "Tom Jones." "Oh!" says the parrot, "Tom Jones! Come to shoot the dog Brutus!" It proved not to be the same man, but another, bearing the same name; and the circumstance was entirely forgotten by the lady, till thus recalled to her by this bird of retentive memory and acute observation; for no one remembered having mentioned the dog's death or the man's name in his presence.

But what are you reflecting so deeply about, Johnnie? You seem lost in thought.

*Johnnie.* I am thinking, that parrots are certainly not only the cleverest of birds, but of

all animals: don't you agree with me, grand-mamma?

*Gran.* No, dear Johnnie, I cannot say that I do; indeed, it is difficult to decide which are the "cleverest" animals; they all in their different ways show such surprising instinct,—I might almost say *reason*.

*Johnnie.* So they do, grandmamma: they make use of their "reasoning powers," as you sometimes tell me to do.

*Gran.* It is wonderful how much *thoughtfulness* they also often display; and I think when you have heard some stories I am about to tell you, you will understand why I said I do not agree with you in thinking the parrot the "cleverest of all animals," quick and sharp as Mr. Polly undoubtedly is.

*Johnnie.* How glad I am you have some other stories to relate to me; for I almost feared you might have no more.

*Gran.* I can draw several from my "inexhaustible fund," as Mark calls it.

A certain Master of Chancery, in Ireland, was in the daily habit of driving a wise old horse from

his country place into Dublin ; while on Sundays the same animal conveyed the family to the church in the village of Rahenny, about half the distance on the same road. One Sunday, however, the master wished to hear a popular preacher at a church in Dublin, and set out early with that intention ; but "Captain," the horse, knew better than to be led away from *his* path of duty by mere eloquence ; so, having arrived at the church gate at Rahenny, he unmistakably announced his intention of stopping there, planting his legs so firmly, and shaking his head with such a determined air, that his master was fain to submit to the orthodox horse, and take his usual place in his parish church, rather than engage in an unseemly contest in view of all the villagers.

*Johnnie.* Well done, Captain ! Bravo, old fellow ! Now for story second, dear grannie.

*Gran.* Miss P—— had a spaniel she was very much attached to, and which always travelled with her. She and her sister joined in taking a house in Tunbridge ; and as all the bells had much the same sound, their respective maids

were often puzzled as to which was to obey the summons. But Carlo was *never* mistaken, and when he jumped up at the sound of the bell, Miss P.'s maid knew that her turn was come. One night, when both sisters had retired to their rooms, Miss P. put her hand upon the bell, but before she had pulled it, Miss G.'s bell rang, and she waited for a little, thinking that the second bell would make a confusion ; however, her maid appeared immediately, unaccompanied by the dog, and no remark was made for some minutes : at last, Miss P. said, " Did you think I rang ? "

" Yes, ma'am ; Miss G.'s maid and I were both sure it was your bell."

" Why did not Carlo come ? "

" Oh, he was asleep in his basket."

So then Miss P. *did* ring her bell, and in a few moments a great scuffling up stairs, and an impatient scratching at the door, showed that Carlo recognized his mistress's own signal.

*Johnnie.* Thank you, dear grandmamma, very much, for these two most amusing stories. I now think you are quite right in saying that the parrot does not exceed all other animals in cleverness.

*Gran.* Another anecdote of a little spaniel has just occurred to me, which was for several years a great favourite in a clergyman's family in North Devon, with whom I am well acquainted. This little dog, whose name was "Fido," was the constant companion of the children in their walks in the lanes and through the charming grounds of Castle Hill, and very troublesome was his unconquerable propensity for running after the multitudes of hares and rabbits which are ever sporting about in all directions, and so bold as sometimes to remain quietly within a few yards of passers-by. This bad habit of Fido's often brought him into disgrace, and occasionally into a trap, which would lame him a little and teach him wisdom for a short time ; but his worst trick was a habit of visiting the hens' nests and eating the new-laid eggs, before the children, who were busy for many hours in the day with their studies, could go out to search for and bring them in. Sometimes also a young chicken was found killed, and the murderer proved beyond all doubt to be this same mischievous "Fido." Several expedients were used to cure him of

these evil propensities, but in vain, and at last he was sentenced to die himself. The clergyman called to his servant one evening and desired him to shoot the dog, as he was tired of hearing of his misdemeanours. The man took his gun accordingly and began to load it, though with great regret, as he was fond of the poor little creature, who was then lying on a mat in the passage near him, shaking all over with terror, as if quite aware that something dreadful was about to befall him. Meanwhile, such and so great were the lamentations in the drawing-room and nursery on hearing the intended fate of their favourite, that a reprieve was granted, which arrived just in time to save the trembling victim, who from that very day was never again known to commit any depredations in the poultry-yard. And it would have been well for him had he been also cured of his fondness for hunting, for his death was caused by poison, which it was feared was administered by an angry gamekeeper, or possibly he had eaten some poisoned bait ; however it was, he suffered much for several days without the cause being discovered, to the great concern of his merry

little companions and of the house cat, who was a warm friend and ally, and sharer of his gambols and food, and who now walked round and round him, mewling and licking him, and expressing her sympathy in as many ways as a cat could do.

*Johnnie.* That is a charming story, grand-mamma ; what a pity that so sagacious a creature should have met with so sad an end. How sorry the children must have been.

*Gran.* Yes, it is always sad to lose our pets, even though they perish by their own faults, or fall a prey to their natural enemies ; but I think perhaps you will agree with me that our sympathy is more strongly excited for those who die of grief for the calamities or death of their master or mistress.

*Johnnie.* Oh, yes ! grannie ; you have told us of some dogs who starved themselves to death when they had lost their masters, but did you ever hear of any other animal showing so much attachment ?

*Gran.* Yes, I have a touching story told me by one of the same family who owned little "Fido," about a pet bullfinch which was reared from a



nest in the village by one of her brothers, who was very fond of birds. He was a lovely bird—such beautiful plumage, so fat, and so tame. When he was still quite young, my friend's brother went abroad, and Bully was left to her care. She was as fond of him as if he had been a child, and was never so happy as when she was talking to and caressing her dear Bully, who was equally fond of her, and would kiss her in the prettiest possible way if she put her face near the wires of her cage, besides eating any food she offered him in her mouth. He had been kept in the same room with a canary, and imitated its notes, which he warbled in a most melodious manner, with some small variations of his own. He would always sing at her request, bowing his handsome head and moving his tail from side to side all the time in the most fascinating manner. So well did he know the sound of her voice, distinguishing it from that of her numerous sisters and the rest of the household, that, when hung in the hall, if the door of the room in which she was sitting was opened, and she happened to be talking, he would immediately call her with a

loud chirp, which he would continue till she took some notice of him. He also recognized her step on the stairs the moment she left her room in the morning, and would jump up with his loud, clear call to say " Good morning " to her. I dare say you may have heard the very harsh sound a bullfinch makes when displeased, and how ugly he looks when making it, with his beak wide open and his wings spread out. Well, this Bully had either a natural or acquired dislike to gentlemen, which his mistress fostered as much as possible, for the amusement of her friends and to the particular mortification of a gentleman who often visited at the house, and hoped to find favour in her eyes by his admiration of her bird—in vain. Bully was true to his mistress, and never relaxed in his scoldings at this or any other gentleman, even her father, who was really also very fond of the pretty pet. When Bully was about seven years old, his mistress had a very bad accident, which nearly cost her her life, and produced the greatest horror and concern throughout the household and the village for many weeks. Strange to say, Bully, who had fared very well

under the kind care of one of her sisters during several short absences from her house, seemed at once to have realized the calamity which threatened so cruelly to deprive him of his loving and loved mistress. He drooped immediately—never sang another note—and fearing he would die, he was brought into the sick-room and held near her. She was too weak to move, but begged a bit of groundsel might be put between her lips and the cage held close to her face. He immediately hopped slowly across the perch, took the groundsel gently from her mouth, dropped it to the bottom of the cage, and then kissed her and seemed to try to sing. The sick-room not being considered a good place for him, and the sight of her little pet's distress too trying for her, he was carried down stairs again, but never revived at all, and died the next morning. When his poor mistress recovered from her long illness, she missed her Bully sadly, and could often hardly refrain from shedding tears when she thought of the affection he had shown her.

The love and gratitude of these little beings is a lesson to us, which we should do well to copy

in our intercourse with our fellow-creatures, and especially in the feelings which ought to animate our hearts towards the Great Master and Benefactor of our race.

*Johnnie.* Thank you very much, dear grand-mamma, both for the story, which made me feel ready to cry, and for pointing out to me the lesson to be learnt from it, which I should not have thought of for myself; but you have made me so sad, do please tell me something else to brighten me before I go to play.

*Gran.* Well, here are some more stories of birds, which may amuse you. A gentleman, who lived in Colchester some years ago, had a tame hawk, which he probably found useful in keeping the mischievous little chaffinches and other birds from his garden, of which he was very fond, and where he had much choice fruit. The hawk was a male bird, and had no mate; but on one occasion he showed a decided wish for a family of his own—for he made a nest. His owner, either out of kindness to his lonely bird, or desirous of seeing what he would do, placed two hen's eggs in the nest. The hawk was much pleased, and

testified his satisfaction by sitting for three weeks on the eggs, and hatching two nice little chickens. All went on well for a short time—I do not know exactly how long—when the hawk discovered that his nestlings were not what he expected. The hawk's *eye* is proverbial, not only for sharpness, but also for greediness, as I dare say you know. Well, this cruel bird having cast his hawk's-eye on the poor little chickens, killed one of them, intending to eat it, and would doubtless have despatched the other also, if it had not been taken away from him. Then he was left alone again ; but he made no more nests, and amused himself afterwards just as he had done before. This story shows you how very strong is the natural instinct God has given all animals, which is so seldom laid aside for long in the case of beasts of prey, some circumstances generally occurring to recall their innate propensities, and thus enable them to work the work for which they were created, which, doubtless, is a good and useful one, though it be one of many links in the great chain of destruction, which pervades the lower portion of creation.

*Johnnie.* That is a nice story, grannie ; but I should like to hear one now of some foreign animals, you have told me so many that have happened in England ; and as I am to be a sailor, I like to hear plenty about other countries as well.

*Gran.* Well, here is one, told to a friend of mine by one of the early Port Phillip settlers. Port Phillip, you know, was the name first given to the settlement in Australia which is now known as Victoria. Its capital is Melbourne. You will not find it of a very exciting nature ; but my rough friend assures me it was scrupulously true.

He was once the sole inhabitant—with the exception of rats, birds, lizards, and snakes—of French Island, in the bay of Westernport, Victoria. Solitude, if it is not absolutely painful, is a wonderful sharpener to the powers of observation, and our friend, who had been accustomed to a bush life, knew that, even in a wilderness, it was only necessary for him to keep his eyes open to find something upon which the mind could dwell profitably, and his life become not absolutely bereft of enjoyment.

His mud hut, with no furniture but of the most primitive description, consisting of a literal four-post bedstead, to wit, a sheet of bark resting on four logs driven into the earth, another log serving as a chair, did not offer many attractions for visitors. The roof, too, formed of bark, had been shrunk by the hot southern sun, until long strips of blue sky were visible through it by day, and the bright stars shone in at night. One end of the hut was entirely open, and through this a pair of birds of the swallow tribe used to fly in occasionally and catch flies. In the course of time, what was the poor bushman's pleasure at finding they had evidently decided on sharing his humble quarters with him. They were to be no mere ceremonious visitors ; for without a single "By your leave," or, "With your leave," they commenced building a nest under the roof-tree, and if the hut had been in their possession for generations, they could not have made themselves more at home. They deigned to give a friendly twitter now and then, as a mark of regard, I suppose, to the real owner ; and when the time came for the mother-bird to sit upon

her eggs, she would watch her host by the hour as he reclined after a hard day's swan-shooting, whistling a lively tune, or smoking a soothing pipe.

But, alas! as with many a more noble house, when least expected, evil days fell upon it. The sheet of bark to which the nest was attached became warped and twisted, and the interior of the nest became exposed to the winds and weather, and the young birds (for they had now arrived) to imminent danger. The foundations, if one may so call them, having been already disturbed, became so insecure, that much additional weight would have brought the whole fabric to the ground; but mark how a kind Providence taught the birds to act in their extremity. Having filled up the crevices underneath with mud, some arrangement was necessary to shelter the young birds from the weather. It must not add materially to the weight, nor present an obstacle to the ready ingress and egress of the parent birds, so they very cleverly built up a row of feathers at the exposed side. These most effectually turned off the rain, were a capital sunshade, and



answered their purpose so admirably, that, before long, the swallow family concluded their residence, and left the bushman again to his solitude. And now I must ask you to leave me to solitude also for a time, and go and play with Markie, who is all impatience for you to join in his favourite game of curling.

*Johnnie.* Yes, grandmamma, I will go to him ; but I hope part of your solitude will be spent in thinking of a few more stories for me, for I find them more entertaining every day.

## CHAPTER X.

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*Johnnie.* GRANDMAMMA, do tell me whether you think my two white rabbits will live happily in the stable ; I want to put them in the empty stall ?

*Gran.* I think, Johnnie, they would be happy enough there, but I doubt whether it would be a very safe place for them.

*Johnnie.* Not safe, grandmamma ? Oh, I am sure nobody would come to take away my beautiful white rabbits ; and even if any one were so unkind as to wish to do such a thing, it would be impossible, for the stable is always locked up at night.

*Gran.* My dear Johnnie, be patient, and do not

let your wits jump to such wrong conclusions, for you have imagined quite a different danger from the one I was thinking of. So set to work, and guess what risks your pets might run by taking up their abode in the stable.

*Johnnie.* Well, grandmamma, I will try, but I shall find it rather difficult to guess what you mean. Oh! perhaps you think I should forget to feed and look after them; but you know, grandmamma, I so often go into the stables to see the horses, that if I were inclined to forget the dear little fellows, I could not help remembering them.

*Gran.* No, my dear boy, I do not at all suspect you of any such carelessness, for you love them too well. Suppose now I tell you a story, which is quite true, to enable you to discover what I mean by saying the rabbits might not be out of danger in the stable.

Some time ago I was paying a visit at a friend's house in the country, and one day a very young and pretty little rabbit was brought in, which had been taken out of a nest in a distant part of the grounds; the poor little thing looked very dis-

console and was evidently hungry, so some kind person proposed that it should be put under the care of a good-natured cat, who lived with her family of small kittens in a corner of the stables. This we all thought would do well, if Mrs. Puss was really good-natured ; but it was possible she might not like so great an addition to her cares, and would not give herself the trouble to feed and watch over a strange and unknown little creature ; in short, she might think it a bore.

*Johnnie.* Oh ! grandmamma, you do make me laugh ; cats cannot *think*.

*Gran.* I only intended to make you laugh, for, as you say, animals do *not think* ; but we all know what a strong instinctive love for their young is implanted in them, most mercifully for their preservation.

*Johnnie.* Yes, indeed, " grandmamma, it is a good thing, for if they were left to take care of themselves they would soon die, poor little things.

*Gran.* But, although they love their own offspring, and watch tenderly over them, we did not feel certain this cat would do the same by

a strange rabbit. However, we agreed the plan should be tried, and in a few days were surprised to find how well it had answered. The kind mother took as much care of her adopted child as of her own kittens ; she fed it, kept it clean, smoothed its glossy coat and long ears, and in every way made up for the loss of its own home.

*Johnnie.* How I should like to have seen them together in the stables. I dare say the whole party played all sorts of pranks.

*Gran.* That they certainly did, and most especially our pet rabbit, who was at times so wild and unmanageable, that Puss was obliged to take him by the ears, and give them a good pull.

*Johnnie.* Capital, grandmamma ! How clever of the cat to make such good use of those long flapping ears rabbits have, was it not ?

*Gran.* It was, indeed, Johnnie ; but now for the end of my story, which, perhaps, by this time you may have guessed. Our unruly rabbit used to run all about the stables, in and out of the different stalls, as if it were playing at hide and seek, quite regardless of the horses' feet, and one day, in an

unlucky moment of wildest frolic, a powerful hoof was struck out, perhaps to get rid of a troublesome fly only, but, alas ! the rabbit was close by, and the blow fell upon it, killing it on the spot ; you may imagine the disappointment we felt at thus losing our little favourite, after bringing it up with so much care.

*Johnnie.* Oh, grandmamma, indeed now I have changed my mind, about giving my pets a home in the stable, and I wonder I never thought how dangerous a place it would be for them. I must run away now, and give them some food ; and when I come back, I shall be ready for another of your amusing stories.

*Gran.* Indeed, Johnnie, if you are so exacting, they will very soon be exhausted, I fear. However, I have two more instances, equally true, and of much the same kind, and I will relate them when you come back.

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*Johnnie.* Here I am again, grandmamma, and I hope you remember you promised me two more stories about cats and rabbits.

*Gran.* Suppose we vary it a little this time, and

instead of a rabbit for the hero, I will tell you what happened to two young leverets ; and after that, I shall remember a curious fact about a rabbit and a favourite little dog, which belonged to a friend of mine, in Hertfordshire ; or rather, I should say, the lady who told me both these anecdotes, had them from a friend of hers who lives in Hertfordshire, and who was an eye-witness of both of them.

Now for the leverets :—One day the game-keeper at B. found a nest (as it is called) of young leverets, and remembering that a favourite cat had just then a nest of young kittens, it occurred to him to try an experiment ; so he removed one of the kittens from the comfortable basket wherein Pussy had deposited her babies, and substituted two of the leverets. There is a large square court-yard at the house at B., which is built round it, and near the back-door was Pussy's basket. For some days all went well ; Puss took very kindly to the leverets, adopting them as her own, and nursing them with the utmost devotedness, and various members of the household amused themselves with watching the cat and her motley

family. But, one morning the basket was empty, save and except one poor little forlorn kitten. Pussy and the leverets had disappeared, and where, Johnnie, do you think they were at length found ?

*Johnnie.* I cannot imagine, grandmamma, what had become of them. What had the cat done with them ? I hope they were not dead.

*Gran.* Oh, no : they were alive and well, and very snug in a hayloft over the stables, which were at some little distance from the house.

*Johnnie.* But how could they get there ?

*Gran.* Pussy must have carried them in her mouth, one at a time, which must have caused her no slight trouble ; however, there they were, looking very happy and comfortable, and Pussy very proud of them.

*Johnnie.* I wonder, grandmamma, why she took them away up to the hayloft.

*Gran.* I fancy, Johnnie, she thought it would be quieter for her adopted children. When they were in the court-yard, everybody went to look at the strange sight of the two little tiny leverets side by side with the kittens ; and I suppose Puss got



fidgety, and instinct taught her, for we must not call it reason, that there might be some danger in such a frequented spot. An enemy, such as a dog, might get hold of them, or she perhaps did not like such a number of visitors, always peeping curiously into her basket, so she thought the safest way was to carry them off ; though I must say I think it was very bad of her, and very extraordinary too, to desert the poor kittens, her own natural offspring.

*Johnnie.* I think so, too, grandmamma, but I like so very much to hear all these different stories.

*Gran.* I suppose that is a hint to me, by way of reminding me that I promised you another. It will be a very short one this time ; but quite as curious a proof of the odd attachments animals sometimes form. This anecdote was told me by the same friend, and the fact also occurred at B——. This friend had a very favourite pet dog, a beautiful little black-and-tan terrier, which always lived in the house, and was her constant companion, except when “Fancy” chose to go and hunt rabbits in the park, a practice

to which "Fancy" became very much addicted, and often when she came in the state of her mouth also plainly showed that she had made a good dinner on the poor little rabbits. Occasionally, however, "Fancy" would bring a little rabbit into the library to play with, and, far from hurting the little thing, she more than once adopted it as her especial pet and playfellow, protecting it from all harm, and amusing herself romping behind the sofas and tables, where "Bunny" used to try and hide itself. My friend used to feed the little prisoner, and "Fancy" took the greatest care of it, lavishing affection on the very creature which, in its wild state in the park, she would have devoured without the slightest compunction or hesitation.

*Johnnie.* Well, grandmamma, that was a strange freak of nature ! and one I should have liked to witness.

*Gran.* You will be still more astonished when I repeat to you a story in verse, by my old friend the poet the Honourable William Spencer, about a Cat and a Chicken, as follows :—

## TABBY'S PURRABY TO HIS CHICKENS.

Oh, hush thee, my Biddy, and hush thee, my dear,  
While Tabby's beside thee no hawk shall come near ;  
Oh, hush thee, my deary, and hush thee, my Bid,  
Little Bantam shall never by Tabby be chid.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,  
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;  
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—  
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

And I have had kittens—three, four, five, and six,  
And none were so dear as this dearest of chicks ;  
And I will steal barley, and I will steal wheat,  
To make, should she wake, Biddy Bantam a treat.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,  
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;  
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—  
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

Dame Partlet, thy gran'mam, Dame Partlet so fat,  
She will cackle to see thee the ward of a cat ;  
And the cock he will crow, the old cock thy papa,  
When he sees thee with Tabby, thy foster mamma.

Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,  
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;  
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—  
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

And when Bidy wakes she shall chirp me a song,  
And Bidy shall bill with my whiskers so long ;  
And she shall away to the dung-hill so gay,  
Like a chicken to peck, like a kitten to play.  
Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,  
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;  
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—  
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

And soon little Bidy will grow a great fowl,  
And Tabby will teach her to mouse like an owl ;  
And Tabby forgives cruel *kid*-napping Dick,  
Who left her no *child*, but he left her a *chick*.  
Purraby, purraby, hush thee, my chick,  
Believe me these talons shall play thee no trick ;  
These bird-tearing paws shall be velvet for thee—  
Purraby, purraby, chickabiddee !

*Johnnie*. Well done, Pussy ! What a clever cat ! and what very amusing verses. Thanks, dear grandmamma, for all the kind trouble you have taken to amuse me.

*Gran*. I have found great pleasure, dear Johnnie, in telling you these stories, and before we part I will relate to you a curious circumstance that has lately been told me by a friend,

and which I am sure will surprise you. At the place of a gentleman in Norfolk, there sprang up between a cow and a goose an extraordinary attachment. These two became inseparable, and their affection was quite mutual. If the goose was on the lake, the cow would take up a position close by, and remain there quietly and contentedly, watching her friend's enjoyment. When the cow lay down to repose, as cows are wont to do, the goose would lie down too, close by her side ; and this most singular friendship and attachment continued uninterruptedly for many months.

And now, dear Johnnie, as you will so soon be going to sea, I shall have no more opportunity of telling you stories of sensible creatures, but you will have a good field for inquiry and observation ; to which you will have been awakened by all I have related to you of the " Instinct and Reason " of various animals ; and I shall expect you will reward me by collecting incidents on your voyages, to amuse me with, when I am confined to my house by age and infirmity, and unable to glean for myself.

